

THE
NORTHERN
L A S S.

A
COMEDY.

As 'tis ACTED at the

Theatre-Royal.

By RICHARD BROME, Gent.

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Newman at the Kings-Arms
in the Poultry. 1684.

*Collected
&
Perfect.
J. H. 1814.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR Phillip Luckless, *contracted to Mrs. Fitchow*
Mr. Tridewell, Kinsman to Sir Phillip
Sir Paul Squelch } *Justices. Mrs. Fitchow's Friends* }
Mr. Bullfinch }
Mr. Widgine a Cockney, Brother to Fitchow
Capt. Anvile, a Brag, Governour to Widgine
Mr. Nonsense Suitor to Constance
Pate Serving-man to Sir Phillip
Beavis, Serving-man to Mrs. Trainwell
Howdee, Mrs. Fitchow's Man and Gent. Usher
Clark to Sir Paul
Vexhem a Constable.

Mr. Kynaston.
Mr. Wilshire.
Mr. Lee.
Mr. Haines.
Mr. Gevon.
Mr. Griffen.
Mr. Monfort.
Mr. Lisle.
Mr. Saunders.
Mr. Bright.
Mr. Lowe.

WOMEN.

MRS. Fitchow *the City Widow*
Constance the Northern Lass
Mrs. Trainwell her Governess
Constance Holdup, a cunning Filch
Chamber-maid to Mrs. Fitchow.

Mrs. Barrey.
Mrs. Butler.
Mrs. Cory.
Mrs. Percivall.

Masquers, Attendants, &c.



Prologue.

PROLOGUE

To the Northern Lass. By J. H.

IF any here, this Prologue does cry down,
Henceforth I'll not allow one Wit i'th Town:
As Houses haunted with ill Spirits, are
All Noise, and Lies, such, is our Theatre.
Ye talk of *Wits*, the Devil a *Wit* is here.
Wherefore to let you know
What Wit is not, I think can't be amiss,
For no man here, I'm sure, *knows* what it is.

First then,

Wit is no Scarf upon Phantastick Hips,
Nor an affected Cringe, t' approach the Lips.
'Tis not, I gad, O Lord, or let me die,
Nor is it *Damme* ye Son of a Whore, ye Lie:
'Tis not to tell how lewd you were last Night,
What *Watches*, *Wench*es, *Windows*, felt your Spite;
Nor is it an abusive Epilogue,
Nor being Drunk, and cry, *more Wine* ye Dog.
'Tis not the *Pert*, *Dull*, *Nonsense*, e'ry day
Ye teaze the *Gallery Nymphs* with, who t' each Play,
Like *Weavers*, with unlawful *Engines*, come
And manage *twenty Shuttles* with one *Loom*;
Whilst honest labourers that use but one,
For want of work, lie *still*, and are undone:
'Tis not your *Scholar*, *Traveller*, nor *Mathematician*,
Poet, nor *Player*, and faith 'tis no *Physician*:
Were I now clapt, I were in a sweet condition,
'Tis none of these, that singly, *Wit* can be,
But all in one man meeting's *Wit*, *that's* *Me*.

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Epilogue

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Butler.

Gentlemen,

VHEN this Old Play first came upon the Stage,
You see 'twas e'ne like now, a Whoring Age.
And your Forefathers, in those Grandame days,
Kind, much like you for Wit, and Vertue praise.
Wherefore I mean t'advise you all to Night:
Give good attention, Sparks, and profit by t.
I've long since observ'd, with mighty grief of mind,
You're like my Knight, to Widows much inclin'd:
They're grown a common Vice, Match-maker sell 'em;
Ugly or Old some buy 'em, others steal 'em.
Consider by a Youth, well Made, well bred,
Much in his Veins, though little in his Head,
Shou'd quit Delights, yet hardly well enjoy'd,
Shou'd be so soon with Love's sweet Manna cloy'd,
And on that Naucious bit, a Widow, venter,
That rank *Egyptian* Flesh-pot with a Joynter.
A Widow! What's a Widow? Let me see,
Nothing so like a Sapless hollow Tree.
And thus the Parallel most aptly holds,
The Screech-Owl's in her Branches when she scolds.
She with much Mossy rottenness o're grown,
From her late Husband's and her own,
Who weds her lives a Prisoner in a Tomb,
Decay'd, disquiet, and I'll smell his Doom;
He's haunted all the Day with jealous Sprights,
And horrid, due Benevolence a Nights:
The poor endav'ring Creature does his best,
Yet the foul Fiend, as greedy as before,
Still with insatiate Fury, yells out more.
Which Curse light on you all for your deceiving,
While we poor Younglings are too much believing,
He who next wrongs a kind yielding Maid,
Too apt, by specious Oaths to be betray'd,
In recompence for Spoils so basely got,
That bottomless pit a Widow be his Lot.

THE

THE NORTHERN LASS.

Act I. Scene I.

Enter Sir Phillip Luckles. Tridewell.

Tri. **B**Ut I beseech you sir, Take me somewhat nearer your Council. May I assure my self, that this report goes true ; that you are on this treaty of Marriage with that Widow?

Luc. Faith Cousen, I take it as my fortune ; and am fully bent on the adventure.

Tri. Troth in my mind, you were better venture your self and fortune to the *Bermudas*. Tis true, she has a good estate : Some nine thousand, I think : And were an apt match for one that knew how to govern it, and her ; some hard bred Citizen, crafty Lawyer, or country Justice. But you, a tender Nurseling of the Court, altogether unmixt with such nature or education, to cast your self upon her, who for her years might be your Mother (they say : I never saw her) and has been the Town Widow these three years, still conversant with Doctors and Proctors of the civil Law ; of which Tribe her Husband was too. Never look to be the better for her Riches : She'l consume yours and you too ; though your back were *Herculean* ; and lay you in your Grave, or in *Bedlam* (my Life on't) before she dream o' dying, though it be all that you can hope, or pray for, after Marriage.

Luc. You spake sir out of some unfortunate examples, and your extraordinary care of me. But truth is, all dissuasion comes too late ; and all urgings against it are now uncharitable : For we are already Man and Wife.

Tri. What married !

Luc. Lustily promis'd sir. Absolutely contracted.

Tri. Send you joy. Ile out of Town.

B

Luc.

Luc. I hope you'll see our Marriage. I sent indeed to bid you.

Tri. No, good sir *Phillip*, rather then I would be in sound of a Bell that should ring at it, I would have my brains fillipt out with the Clapper.

Luc. Nay good Cousen : I intended you my principal Guest. We'll have all very private : Not above four or five Friends more.

Tri. Sir, I intend to be none of your Mourners, which indeed my Presence there would make me ; and so, perhaps infect the rest. I leave my best wishes to you, and will indeed endeavour to pray for you. Indeed I will.

Luc. Indeed this is very abrupt.

Act L. Scene II.

Enter *Anvile*, *Widgin*.

An. Mr. *Tridewell* ! Well met. Why so fast sir, I took you for a Foot-post.

Tri. A Foot-post ! Indeed your fine wit will post you into another World one of these days, if it take not the Whipping-post i' the way. And why Foot-post, in your little witty apprehension ?

An. Because you went so fast. But since you are angry, I would you were going twice as fast. If I interrupt you, hang me D'ee hear ?

Tri. Nay I know you are apt to decline any mans anger, good Captain *Anvile* : You have been beaten to't.

Wid. Why, If he have, he may thank such as you are, that can endure no jest.

Tri. What are you there too ? Mr. *Widgine*, I take it ?

Wid. My name is *Walter Widgine* sir, not to be denied ; the only Brother here of sir *Phillip Luckless* his betroth'd. She is a *Widgine* born sir, and of the best Family : Our Ancestors flew out of *Holland* into *Lincolnshire* to prevent persecution.

Tri. From *Crowland*, I warrant you, a little before a Moulting time.

Wid. Like enough sir. My Sister can tell you. Since, by Marriage, she was made a *Fitchow* : Her Husband was *Fitchow* the civil Lawyer ; He was call'd the great Canonier of the civil Law : Because he could discharge or make report of every Canon therein ; Canon after Canon, or Canon upon Canon at his fingers ends, as readily as I can tell these pieces.

Tri. A fair Demonstration ?

Wid. He had many rare parts in him, besides sir, as my Sister can tell you.

Tri. This fellow cannot chuse but have a rare Sister. He quotes her so !

Wid. But all the good I can speak of him is, that he left my Sister rich ; or at least a reasonable estate, half a score thousand pounds or so :

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so: Which she, with her self, bestows upon this honourable Knight Sir *Phillip Luckless*, to be a Lady of that name, and God gi' him joy. And for you, being his Kinsman, I shall desire your nearer acquaintance.

Tri. In good time Sir.

Wid. The match was not altogether her own seeking Sir, though she refus'd two Aldermen for him, on my own knowledge.

Tri. Might she have had 'em both Sir?

Wid. I, and half a score Aldermens fellows to boot: Yet refus'd all for him.

Tri. Indeed six yoke of such Cattel would plow up all his Acres in a Forenoon.

Wid. My Sister can tell you more Sir.

Tri. Still she is his Authority: I will see this woman. Sir *Phillip*, here are Guests will applaud your match. Bid 'em welcome. God-boy.

Ex.

Wid. For my part I honour any Man, that Marries my Sister. Sir *Phillip*, and my noble Brother in expectation, I pray embrace my Governour, Captain *Anvile*, here; and give him and me our Gloves: You shall find him worthy your acquaintance. He has wit, I can tell you; and breaks as many good jests as all the Wits, Fits, and Fancies about the Town, and has trained up many young Gentlemen, both here, and in divers parts beyond the Seas. He was dry Nurse (that's one of his own jests upon himself) to the English youth, a dozen years together beyond Sea: And now he is my Governour, and I find profit in it: You cannot think what an Ass I was before I met with him: And I mean to travel with him, two or three years hence, my self. In the mean time, he shall spend a hundred a year out of *Wat Widgins* purse. Sha't I faith Governour, what aylest thou? Art thou not right?

Anv. I shall find a time to right my self, I doubt not.

Luc. But will you travel at these years, Mr. *Widgins*?

Wid. Will you not call me Brother? Two days hence when you have married my Sister, you must. Must he not Governour?

Anv. Yes an't please him.

Wid. He ayles something.

Luc. Well then, Brother two days hence, will you travel?

Wid. I, some two years hence, mistake me not. I know I am but young yet: Besides I mean to marry first as other young Heirs do. And then towry lowry, faith, my noble Governour, and I! 'Twill be brave going into *France* then: I may learn half their Fashions before I go, and bate so much, being taught at when I come there. What's the matter Governour? Thou wert not wont to be thus. Is thy money all gone? Here's five pieces to buy Pomps against my Sisters wedding.

Anv. Have I Eyes and Ears, and can think of trifling Money Matters?

Wid. Pox on't I had forgot. That scurvy-furly Gentleman anger'd him ere while, and put him out of patience. How the hot some of his rage boyls out at his Mouth? If I durst go so neer the heat of him I would skim the Pot.

Ann. If I try not this *Tridewell*; put him to the dearest tryal of his Life.——

Wid. I, there 'tis, he will never come to himself till he beat, or be beaten.

Ann. Let me have these knocked out; these pull'd off; these pluck'd out, and these saw'd off.

Wid. I must venture on him. Nay Governour: Pray thee consider:——

Ann. The time and place you mean. Think you he durst have done it, but in his Kinsmans house; he and the multitude of his servants Present.

Wid. I, and we know not how many arm'd men in the next Room. Hark Governour.

Luc. What things are these! I shall marry into a fine stock! How untimely some considerations fall into my mind! My Cousens counsel, which hath ever been oraculously good; against which I violently bear my self, to mix my Blood amongst a race of Fools. Had but these Thoughts been mine but one day past, they had prevented all that may prove dangerous in this, so great and doubtful undertaking.

Act I. Scene III.

Enter *Pate*, to *Luckless*, *Widgine*, *Ann*ile.

Pa. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman would speak with you.

Luc. Who is it? Do you not know her?

Pa. I never saw her before Sir. I ask't her name, but I perceiv'd some displeasure in her look (whether it were Shame, Grief, or Anger I know not) that made her conceal it: Only telling me she was a woman very hurtless, and warrantable against your fear.

Wid. I warrant 'tis my Sister. She frown'd, did she not, and look'd fightingly? If she did, 'tis my Sister, your Wife that shall be. She will look so at you, I can tell you, or me, or my Governour, for all he is a Captain. She fears no Colours I faith, to tell you true, she beat him once for a jest he broke upon her *Monkey*. Is it not she, think'st thou?

Pa. No Sir it is not she. I know my Lady that shall be.

Wid. My that shall be! How sweetly it chimes. Here something for that word.

Luc. Go bring her up. Good Brother *Widgine*, fly into the next Room, with your Governour. He wait on you presently. *Ex. Pate.*

Wid. My Lady! And Brother *Widgine*! I Must admire.

Our house is rais'd by this two stories higher. ——— *Ex. Wid. Ann.*

Luc.

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Luc. There's no recalling time ; and vows of this high nature are no trifles.

Act I. Scene IIID.

Enter *Mistress Trainewell.*

Tra. Sir I suppose you are Sir *Phillip Luckless*?

Luc. I am the man, Lady.

Tra. And you are shortly to marry a City Widow, one *Mistress Fitchow*?

Luc. Most true.

Tra. For whose dear sake you purchas'd a four hundred pounds Knight-hood, to go a woing in: Out of which she is to give nine thousand pounds for a Ladiship for term of Life.

Luc. What mean you, Gentlewoman?

Tra. Sir not to scold, or brawl, (a vice too frequent in our Sex.) But, in few words (and civil ones) to make you sensible of a little of that infinite injury, you have done to one, whose unvaluable portion of Vertue makes her fit, (besides the right she has already in you) to take a Brides place, before your latter choice, or any she, whose wealth might weigh down hers. You stand as if you knew not who I mean.

Luc. Nor what neither. Sure my name's abus'd.

Tra. Pray Sir bethink your self. Has there not been a former Contract made betwixt you and some other?

Luc. No? Nor any faithful promise neither.

Tra. That I may well believe, when you forget it.

Luc. I pray speak nearer to my understanding: Whom may you suggest to be the Woman so much forgotten?

Tra. If you have soul, or sense, you must remember her: No? Read then her name subscrib'd to that.

Luckless Reads.

*If pity, love, or thought of me,
Live in your breast I need not die.
But if all those from thence be fled;
Live you to know, that I am dead.*

Constance.

Farewel, good *Constance*. I am sorry I have no further for thee.

Tra. Do you know that name Sir?

Luc. Yes Lady so well, that I am sorry, that a Gentlewoman of your good seeming should have to do for so light a piece of Vanity. Leave going o'the Devil's Errands: His Kingdom's large enough, and too much peopl'd already.

Tri. Pray Sir, are you in sober earnest?

Luc.

Luc. I, good faith am I.

Tra. You are unhappy then. For you shall lose, in this disdain of yours, more Honour than your Life-time in repentance can recover. So fare you well Sir.

Ex. Tray.

Luc. Farewell old Whiskin. Slid Ile marry out o'the way; 'tis time I think: I shall be tane up for Whores-meat else. *Constance!* She had a Bastard t'other day too. What a mischievous Maw has this she-Canibal that gapes for me! Slight a common Trader, with I know not how many! I marvel she was left out of *Cupids* Muster. Sure she brib'd the Ballat-maker: One that I have paid at all times too; here's one, there's t'other. And now she hears I am towards marriage pretends a claim to me. And what a Minister she had procur'd! A Devil in a most Gentlewoman-like apparition. It had been well to have pump'd her. Is she gone?

En. Pate.

Pat. Who Sir, the Gentlewoman? I put her in her Coach.

Luc. Her Coach! Coaches must needs be common, when their Carriages are so. By this light, *Oliver*, a Bawd; a very Bawd. Where's my brother *Widgine*, and his Governour, *Arvoile*? They are wholsomer Company o'the two yet.

Ex.

Pa. A Bawd! Bless my Masters wits. But the best is, if he be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any man: A fine Cooler, call'd Marriage, to take his Batchelor's button a hole lower! Can it be possible? She might ha' been Mother o'the Maids, as well, to my seeming; or a Matron, to have train'd up the best Lady Daughters in the Country. Here comes her Man, again.

Act I. Scene V.

Enter *Beavis*, to *Pate*.

Be. Is Sir *Phillip Luckless* i'the house still Sir?

Pa. Are you the Cock-bawd to the Hen was here, ere while Sir.

Be. Are you mad, or are you drunk Sir?

Pa. Come you to bargain for a Punk Sir? Faith where's the meeting? Where's the Supper? At the *Bridgefoot*, or the *Car*? Or where is it?

Be. Nay then Sir, though your Master be allowed to measure his manners, by his pleasure, here, on his own Yard, Ile be bold to pull you out on't by the Ears, and beat you into better fashion.

Pa. Hold, hold. Pray hold a little Sir. I cry you mercy. I might be mistaken. I see thou art a good fellow. I have half a dozen for thee 'faith. S' foot what big Words and terrible Actions he has! Is this the Bawds language? Pray pardon me Sir: I have been over-watch'd of late, and knew neither place, person, nor what I said at the instant.

Be. Indeed?

Pa

Pa. I Sir, 'tis an infirmity I am much troubled withal, a kind of a-between sleep and waking—I know not what to call it. I would give twenty Nobles to be cured on't. I pray take it not ill Sir; I use any man so, when the fit's on me, till they throughly wake me.

Be. What as I did now? By the Ears? Are you come to your self enough yet? Or shall I help you further Sir?

Pa. No, 'tis very well now I thank you Sir. Alas I put my Master to the pains, twice or thrice a week, I assure you, to my Grief.

Be. A very strange disease! How might you get it?

Pa. Faith I fell into't first, with a conceit I took for over-buying a bargain of Drink. Your business with my Master sir? I pray.

Be. Only to speak with him from the Gentlewoman was here e'ne now.

Pa. I shall acquaint him with it.

Be. I shall be your Servant.

Pa. I pray pardon my Error.

Be. And you my boldness. *Ex.*

Pa. O not so Sir. Well master Pimp I have a plot upon your employment, as bravely as you carry it. I know he is a Bawd by his out-facing. And I do humble and disguise my Manhood to work on him by policy: And if I put not a fine flarr upon him for all his brave Bravadoes, then *Oliver Fate* has no Brains; nor is there any difference betwixt a Serving-man and a Pandar. — *Ex.*

Be. What a Trim-tram Trick is this? The Master and the Man both Brain-craz'd; as the one used me, so did the other my Mistress. But I have brought this into a kind of civil Sense again. Do we look like Bawds? There is some strange ground for this mistaking. I am sure she has ever been reputed a vertuous Gentlewoman; and has now the Government, and bringing up of a Virgin, of a most hopeful goodness. And I think, I know my self; and dare beat any Man into a better Construction of my quality. *Ent. Fate.*

Pa. Now wit, and be thy will! Sir, my Master desires to be excused: For he is with some Friends, on private business, concerning his Marriage; which is to be to morrow. But says, if it please you to meet him in the Evening, between four, and five, in the great Pallace; and Conduct him home to the Gentlewoman, he will attend her with his best Service.

Be. Between four and five in the Pallace: But how shall I know him? I never saw him.

Pa. As I wish'd: But you may easily. He is of a comely stature; and will be in a Red Cloak and a White Feather. Besides He wait on him.

Be. I thank you Sir. *Ex.*

Pa. Fare you well Sir. Good Foist, I shall make a Whiskin of you now, and for nothing too. I have been a little bold with my Masters name

name in this answer; the knowledge of which he is unguilty of. I saw how he shifted her off. Therefore I will further be bold both with his name and person, which I will put upon a Friend in store. My special Friend, Captain *Anvile*, a notable lecherous Tup: He has been at me for a bit out of my Masters flock any time these three weeks. He pleasure him with her for ready money. I know 'tis some cast stuff, that my Master has done withal. And let him take what follows. *Ex.*

ACT I. Scene VI.

Enter *Fitchow*, *Howdee*, with Ink and Paper.

Fit. Well Sir. And what said Master *Lucklefs*?

Ho. Sir *Phillip* you mean forsooth?

Fit. The very fame Sir. But I begin to call him now, as I must call him hereafter. Ladies do not call their Husbands, as they are Knights: As Sir *Phillip*, Sir *Timothy*, or Sir *Gregory*. Did you ever hear my Lady *Squelch* call her Husband Sir *Paul*? No. But master *Squelch*. Indeed all others must Sir them by their Christen names; because they are Knights, and to be known from other men: Only their own Wives must master them, by their Surnames; because they are Ladies, and will not know them from other men. But to our business. What said he to you?

Ho. His worship said forsooth—

Fit. Nay, What said you to him first? I love to hear things in order.

Ho. I said that as you bad me forsooth.

Fit. As I bad you, Clot-poll? What was that? Shall I ever mould thee into a Gentleman Usher think'st thou, that stand'st so? Come forwards Sir, and repeat.

Ho. My Mistriss commends her best love unto your Worship; and desires to know how your Worship came home last night; and how your worship have rested; and how your Worship do's this morning? She hopes the best of your Worship's health; and would be glad to see your Worship at your Worship's best leasure.

Fit. This was very well: Word for word as I instructed. But did you Worship him so much?

Ho. Yes truly, and he commended me for it; and said I shew'd my Breeding.

Fit. Now Sir. His answer? In his own words.

Ho. Quoth he. I thank thy Mistriss, and I thank thee. Prithee commend my service to her, and tell her, my Worship came home upon my Worship's Foot-cloath; my Worship took very good rest, in my Worship's bed: My Worship has very little to do this Morning, and he see her at my Worship's leasure.

Fit.

Fit. Did he say so?

Ho. 'Twas either so, or so much I am sure. But he did not make me repeat, as you did, till I had con'd it by heart.

Fit. Well *Howdee* get you down. And do you hear *Howdee*, If Sir *Paul Squelch* come, bring him up.

Ho. I will forsooth Mistriss.

Fit. I bad you learn to call me Madam.

Ho. I shall forsooth Madam.

Fit. You shall forsooth Madam. 'Tis but a day to't; and I hope one may be a Lady one day before her time.

Ho. A day too soon I doubt in this forward age.

Ex.

Fit. In the mean time, let me study my remembrances for after Marriage.

Imprimis, To have the whole sway of the house; and all domestical Affairs; as of accounts, of Household Charges, placing and displacing of all Servants in general; to have free liberty, to go on all Visits; and though my Knights occasions be never so urgent, and mine of no moment, yet to take from him the command of his Coach; to be in special fee with his best trusted servant; nor to let one live with him, that will not bewray all his Counsels to me. To study and practice the Art of jealousy; to fain Anger, Melancholly, or Sickness, to the Life. These are Arts that Women must be well practic'd in, ere they can attain to Wisdom, and ought to be the only study of a Widow, from the death of her first Husband, to the second: From the second to the third, matters of deeper moment; from the third to the fourth deeper yet; and so proportionably to the seventh, if she be so long blest with Life: But of these I may find time hereafter to consider in order as they fall. Besides, in all, to be singular in our Will; to Raign, Govern, Ordain Laws and break 'em, make Quarrels and maintain 'em; profess Truths, devise Falshoods; protest Obedience, but study nothing more than to make our Husbands so: Controle, Controvert, Contradict, and be contrary to all Conformity: To which end we must be sure to be arm'd always with Prick and praise of the deceased; and carry the Inventory of our Goods, and the gross sum of our Dowry perpetually in our Mouths. Then do's a Husband tickle the spleen of a Woman, when she can anger him to please him; chide him to kiss to him; mad him to humble him; make him stiff necked to supple him; and Hard-hearted to break him; so set him up, and take him down, and up again, and down again, when, and as often as we list.

Enter *Howdee*.

Ho. Madam.

Fit. I marry, now thou say'st well.

Ho. And't please your Ladyship.

Fit. Well said again.

C

Ho.

Ho. One Mr. Tridewell, a Gentleman, desires to speak with your Ladyship, from Sir Phillip.

Fir. Tridewell! O it is Sir Phillip's Kinsman. I have heard him speak much good of him; and entreated me to give him good respect; which were enough to marr his Entertainment, had I not another purpose of mine own, that may prove as ill. Bring him up *Howdee*.

Ho. I will Madam — *Exit.*

Fir. I, that was very well. This *Howdee* do I mean with a cast Gown to put in Apparel; and make my Gentleman Usher; not only for the aptness of his Name, to go on my Visits; but for his proportionable Talent of wit and manners.

ACT I. Scene VII.

Enter Tridewell to Firhow.

Tri. If I can yet redeem him, he is happy. By your leave Lady: May my boldness prove pardonable?

Fir. Sir the name of him, you come from, is warrant sufficient to make your welcome here: All that is here being his.

Tri. Is this the trow?

Fir. I understand you come from Sir Phillip Luckless.

Tri. 'Tis true, I brought his name thus far to enter me to your presence. But here I shake it off, as I would do his remembrance: But that I know him too well.

Fir. Too well Sir? How mean you?

Tri. Too well indeed Lady; but in the ill part: I know him to be no equal Match for you. Yet I hear you receive him as a Suter.

Fir. Right Sir: And him only!

Tri. It is not gone so far I hope?

Fir. Beshrew me but it is; and farther too Sir. He has all wood and woman.

Tri. Beshrew your fortune then. And if my Counsel;

The friendliest Counsel e're you hearkned to,

Stop not your ventrous Foot from one step further,

(For now you are upon the brink of danger.)

You fall into a Sea of endless sorrows.

Fir. This is pretty!

Tri. Look back into your self; read o're your Story,

Find the content, the quiet mind you liv'd in,

The wealth, the peace, the pleasure you enjoy'd;

The free command of all you had beneath you,

And none to be commanded by above you.

Now glance your eye on this side, on the yoke

You bring your neck to, laden down with cares,

Where

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Where you shall faintly draw a tedious life,
And every step incounter with new strifes,
Then, when you groan beneath your burdehous charge,
And wearily chance to revert a look
Upon the the price you gave for this sad thralldom,
You'll feel your breath stab'd through with many a woe,
Of which one dyes not while a thousand grow,
All will be then too late: Now is the time,
Now rings the warning Bell unto your breast:
Where if you can but entertain a thought,
That tells you how you are beset with danger,
You are secure: Exclude it, you are lost:
To endless sorrows, bought with dearest cost.

Fit. Pray Sir deal freely with me: What respect
Moves you to make this strong dissuasion?
Is it your care of me? Oh love of him?

Tri. A subtil question! This woman is not brainless.
Love of him Lady? If this can be love,
To seek to cross him, in so great a hope,
As your injoyning; being all the means,
Or possibility he has to love on;
If it be love to him, to let you know
How lewd and dissolute of life he is,
By which his fortunes being sunk, he is grown
The scorn of his acquaintance, his friends trouble,
Being the common borrower of the Town:
A Gallant lights not a Tobacco Pipe,
But with his borrowing letters: (she's not mov'd)
And if you put him off a Fortnight longer,
He'll be lay'd up, for moneys he took up
To buy his Knight-hood; besides his deep engagements
To Goldsmith, Silkman, Taylor, Millener,
Sempster, Shoemaker, Spurrier, Vintner, Tapster,
(All stirs her not, she stands as if prepar'd
To hear as much of truth and bear with it.)
Men of all Trades, and Occupations,
From his Mercer downward to his Waterman,
Have ventur'd the last six pence on his Credit,
And all but wait to pay themselves from you.
And I may well imagine how 'twould grieve
A woman of your wealth, to disburse all,
To save a Knight out of his Ward i'th Counter;
And lack withal his company at home;
While he frequents youthful society
To make more charge for Nurseries abroad:

For I have heard him say you are old; and that
It is your wealth he marries, and not you.
If this be love to him, that I discover
(The means to save you to be his undoing,)
Let no man take a friend's help in his Wooing.

Fit. And how this should proceed from care of me
Falls not into my understanding Sir.

Tri. Consider Lady——

Fit. Sir I have consider'd
Before, and in your speech, and since; and cannot
By all that can be said remove a thought.
I lov'd him not for words: Nor will I use
Words against yours: 'Twere poor expression
Of love to boast it. 'Tis enough I know it.
Boasters of love, how can we Lovers call,
When most of such love one no more than all.

Tri. Sure, I was much mistaken in this woman.

Fit. Nor would I have you to expect a raying,
To say you basely wrong the Gentleman:
A way so common, common women use it.
But this Sir I will say, I were to blame
If I should think your love were less
Then the great care of me, you seem to urge,
As you pretend it is.

Tri. She will discover me.

Fit. You are his Kinsman nearly; and reputed,
By his own mouth, his best of chosen friends;
My self an utter stranger, one from whom
You never had, or can expect least good.
And why you should, for a respect so contrary,
Call my poor wit in question to believe you,
Is most unconscionable.

Tri. Methink I stand
Like a false Witness 'gainst another's life,
Ready to take his punishment.

Fit. Nor will I fondly think you mean't to seek,
Crossing his Match, to make it for your self:
Both for my known unworthiness; and your
Depraving him being no possible way
To make me think the better of your worth.

Tri. Can this be she? How strangely am I taken!

Fit. But I forgive, and charitably think
All this brought no ill purpose; pretty Pageantry
Which may hereafter 'mong our marriage mirth,
Fill up a Scene: For now I take no notice.

Indeed

The Northern Lass.

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Indeed I will not : You may, if you please,
And tell your Cuz how haynously I take it.

Tri. If thou hast mercy, Love, kep't from my heart.
Wil't please you hear me?

Fir. Sir I have enough.
And crave but leave to speak this little to you,
Which shall by Heaven be uncontroul'd as fate.
If I shall find him bad, I'll blame my fortune:
Never repent or thank you for your counsel.
If I shall find him good; and all this false,
Which you so violently have urg'd against him;
I'll love him nere the more, nor you the worse:
For I am not so poor, nor weakly spirited,
That should all friends to whom my faith is bound,
Say on their knowledge, that all this were true,
And that one hours protraction of our Marriage
Should mak't appear, that I would give allowance
To all their Bugbear reasons, to defer
That hour the uniting of our hands: Because
Our hearts are link'd by the Divinest Laws.

Tri. What have I done? The curse of over-weening brains,
Shame, and disgrace are Guerdon of my pains.
O, shall I fall beneath the scorn of Fools:
A punishment as just, as great for such.
That do in things, concern them not, too much.

Fir. What ayles the Gent?

Tri. On what a settled Rock of Constancy
She planteth her affection? Not to move,
Though all the breath of slanderous reproach,
Driving tempestuous Clouds and Storms of horror,
Should beat, at once, against it.

Fir. Sir *Howdee*? Enter *Howdee*.

Ho. Madam.

Fir. Not you Sir.

Tri. I would I had not seen, at least not heard her
In all so contrary to all opinion.

Fir. You are not well Sir.

Tri. They said she was old, unhandsome, and uncivil,
Froward, and full of womanish distemper.
She's none of these: But opposite in all.

Fir. Sir.

Tri. My witty purpose was to save my friend
From such a hazard; and to loath her so,
That I might make her loathsome to his Fancy:
But I my self am fall'n into that hazard;

To

The Northern Lass.

To wrong my friend ; to burn in lawless love ;
Which oh that Prayers or Penance may remove.

Fit. You are not going Sir ?

Tri. I beg your pardon ; I dare not look upon you. — *Ex.*

Fit. Gone in a dream ! Well, I perceive this juggling.

This strain was only to explore the strength
Of my affection to my luckless Knight.

For which, if both their Cunnings I not fit,
Let me be call'd the barren Wife of wit.

The end of the first Act.

Act II. Scene I.

Fitchew.

Fit. **T**he strangeness of this Gentlemans Action will not be out of my mind yet. Sir Phillip could not but have a hand in it. Do's he repent his bargain already ; and desire to be quit with loss of his earnest ? 'Tis but his faith and troth.

Enter Widgine, Anvile.

Wid. Sister, where are you ? My Governour and I are come to wait upon you in Sir Phillip Luckless Coach. It waits at door for you ; and what to do think you ?

Fit. I cannot tell. Perhaps to invite me forth into the Air of Hide-park or Marribone ; or else —

Wid. Or else me no or else, Sister, you cannot guess it. And I was a Fool to ask you the question, now I think on't.

Fit. That was well remembered Brother.

Wid. Sister, you are to be a Lady, within this half hour. Your Knight is ready, so is the Parson too. My Governour here knows.

An. Yes Lady ; and that he intreats you, to bear with the suddenness of the occasion, which he protests, deeply urges him to be married presently ; desiring you not to trouble your self in Examination of his reasons : For upon his Honesty and Honour, the end of it is for good to you both. Come sweet Madam (now I am bold to give you your due Title) your Knights is ready prest on his adventures (D'ee hear) and 'tis only you, that he seeks to incounter.

Wid. There's a jest now : But the understands it not. He makes her an Infidel, a wild Beast or a Monster, by that word Incounter ; what

do Knights adventurers incounter els? Look all the *Mirror* over, He'l incounter her. O the Wit of a Governour!

An. 'Tis as I say Madam, (D'ee hear) the good fit's come on him.

Wid. Ever at the Tail of his D'ee hear, I am sure to smell a jest: The fit's come on him!

Fit. This suddain importunity confirms my former doubt: He thinks his Scare-crow will make me keep off now; but he is cossen'd. Well Sir, He shall find me obedient to his hand. I am in all prepar'd to meet his purposes; though, Brother I had thought to had conference this Morning with Sir *Paul Squelch* touching a match for you.

Wid. For me Sister! ha' you found out a Wife for me? Ha' you? Pray speak, ha' you?

Fit. And a good match too Brother; Sir *Paul's* Neece: On whom, he, being Childless, means to bestow a large Dowry.

Wid. By my faith, and he may do't. He is rich Governour; one of the best ten i'th' hundred Men about this Town.

Fit. He is a right good man. Within there. *En. Howd.*
Bid *Flaps* your fellow bring my Fan and Masque. *Ex. Howd.*

An. Is he bounteous and liberal ha? Do's he make large Suppers and lend Money. D'ee hear? Is he good at that?

Wid. Nay, there you mistake Governour. A good man i'th' the City is not call'd after for his good Deeds, but the known weight of his Purse. One, whose name any Usurer can read without Spectacles; one that can take up more with two Fingers and a Thumb upon the Exchange, than the great man at Court, can lift with both his hands; one that is good only in Riches, and wears nothing rich about him but the Gout, or a Thumb Ring with his Grand-sirs Sheep-mark, or Granams Butter-print on't, to seal Bags, Acquittances and Counterpanes.

Enter Maid, Howdee, with Mask and Fan.

An. A Butter-print?

Wid. I, 'twere a cunning Herald could find better Arms for some of 'em: Though I have heard Sir *Paul Squelch* protest he was a Gentleman, and might quarter a Coat by his Wives side. Yet I know he was but a Grafter when he left the Countrey; and my Lord his Father whistled to a Team of Horses (they were his own indeed.) But now he is right Worshipful, and I would I had his Neece unsight and unseen, I 'faith for her Monies sake. You never heard me ask if she were fair or handsome, D'ee mark that Sister? My Fathers rule right: And if I be not a true *Widgine*. (God forgi' me) I think he was none.

Fit. But she is very fair Brother, and very handsome; and the prettiest innocent Countrey thing withal. Do I want nothing here?

Wid. I, now you bring me to bed Sister.

May. Your Mask fit's well forsooth.

Fit.

Fit. But where's my Wimple forsooth?

May. Upon the Cupboards-head, pray *Humfrey* fetch it. *Ex Howd.*

Wid. He lives not that loves a Countrey thing like me. Alas none loves a Countrey thing like me. And though I am a Cockney, and was never further then *Hammer-smith*; I have read the Countrey mans Common-wealth; and can discourse of Soccage and Tenure, Free-hold, Copy-hold, Lease, Demeans, Fee-simple, and Fee-tail, Plowing, Hedging, Diking, Grubbing, Occupying any Countrey thing whatsoever; and take as much pleasure in't, as the best Clown born of 'em all.

Fit. And she is very young, not above fifteen, Brother. How this fellow stays! Go you. *Ex. Maid.*

An. And that's a safe age for a Maid in the Countrey: D'ee hear?

Wid. Pardon me Governour. I do hear and not hear thee at this time.

Fit. And sings, and speaks so pretty Northernly they say.

An. Is she Northern (D'ee hear) will she not shrink i'th' wetting?

Wid. Governour, I know thou spok'st a jest now, by thy D'ee hear: But prithee forgive me; I cannot applaud nor mark thee at this time.

Enter Howdec with a Wimple.

Fit. What makes you stay so? I fear you have been among my sweet meats.

Ho. She said it was upon the Cup-board; and it was under the Cup-board.

Fit. Is this my Wimple? Do you bring Carpenters Tools to dress me withal. *Ent. Maid.*

Ma. Here is your Wimple forsooth.

Fit. I shall teach you to know a difference between Gentlewomens Geer and Carpenters Tools. I shall.

Wid. Nay, she is so vex't now! Dear Sister the Countrey Lads again. You said, she spoke and sung Northernly. I have a great many Southern songs already. But Northern Airs nips it dead. *Tork, Tork* for my Money.

Fit. Yes Brother she is Northern, and speaks so: For she has ever liv'd in the Countrey, till this last week, her Uncle sent for her up to make her his Child, out of the Bishoprick of *Durham*.

Wid. Bishop, or Bishoprick shall hold her from me.

Fit. And Brother——

Wid. Sister no more, though I have never seen her.

No Bishoprick i'th' Land from me shall win her. If you will go, and clap hands with your Knight, come; I would see you match'd first: Because that will add some honour to the *Widgines*, when my self shall be Brother to a Lady. I shall write first of that name. And then am I no sooner married, Governour, but we will set our Travels a Foot:

To

To know Countries, and Nations, Sects and Factions, Men and Manners, Language and Behaviour.

*And so in height of Complement grow compleat,
More goes to making of a Man, than meat.*

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene II.

Enter *Trainewell*, *Constance*.

Tra. Pray tell me; and tell me truly. What is the most has past between you? If it be the main loss of your Maiden-head, it shall ne'r go further: Therefore let me know it.

Con. As I live *Mistress Trainewell*, all that ere he had o' me was but a kifs. But I mun tell ye, I wish'd it a thousand, thousand till him.

Tra. How often have you seen him?

Con. Feath but that bare eance nother, and your sel'n were by too. Trow ye that I de not tell ye and 'twere maer. By my Conscience *Mrs. Trainewell* I lee not.

Tra. That once that I saw him with you, your Uncle was there too, in the Orchard, but last week.

Con. Vary true, Mine Uncle was than by too. And he brought Sir *Phillip* to see his Orchard. And what did he then do, trow you, but tuke me by th' haund, and thus he kust me; he sed I were a deaft Lass: But ther he feind. But for my life I could not but think, he war the likest man that I had seen with mine eyne; and could not de-vaife the thing I had, might be unbeggen by him. Then by and by as we walked, he ask'd mine Uncle, gin he would give him me to make a Lady till him. And by my trouth *Mistress Trainewell*, I lee not, I blush'd and luck'd upon him as I would feine a hed it so: Mine Uncle said yes, and Sir *Phillip* shuke my haund, and gude feath my heart joy'd at it. God gin the Priest had been by. But I thought all sure enough; and would not ha' sold my part for the Spanish Ladies Joyncture. But streight anon mine Uncle and he fell on other talk, of Lords and Ladies, and many fond like things, I minded not: For I is well sure, this kept me waking ere fine. And God pardon me what I mis-thought every hour i' th' night.

Tra. How have you made me wrong this Gentleman, to Challenge him as if he had been your due upon this idle complement? When I undertook the Message, I presum'd (for so your words did intimate to me) you had been sure, as fast as faith could bind you, man and wife. Where was my discretion? Now I perceive this was but common Courtship; and no assurance of a Marriage promise.

Con. I wot not what he meant. But I is weell sure, I nere be sure

to any Man but he. And if he love me not as well, God pardon him. For I meant him none ill.

Tra. I know not how to counsel or comfort you, until I hear him speak. My man tells me, he appointed him to meet, and bring him to you about this hour. Poor heart I pity thee. Before thou come to half my years thou wilt forget to love half so truly. *Ent. Beavis.*

Bea. Mistriss.

Tra. O, are you come? Where's the Knight?

Bea. He stays below, and wil'd me to come up first, to make his passage clear and secure.

Tra. That was discretion.

Bea. Rather fear, I think: For he ask'd me if the house were not much haunted with Roarers or Swaggers, Poniards and Pistols: Whether there were not an Assurer for it as upon the *Exchange*, as if his life were upon hazard? Whether a Man might come on without loss of credit, and off without need of a Surgeon? Much odd talk he delivers; that in my conceit bewrays at once, both a Lascivious and Cowardly disposition; and upon my understanding, cannot be so generous, or nobly spirited, as he is received. Do what you will.

Tra. I suspect something.

Con. Will he not come Mrs. Trainwell?

Tra. Yes Sweet-heart. But go you to your Chamber and let me have a word before you see him. Go call him in. Do so Sweet-heart. I'll not be long.

Con. He do ought you bid me. God gin I saw him eance. *Ex Con.*

Act II. Scene III.

Enter Amvile, Beavis.

Am. A place of fair promising! How have I liv'd that never discover'd this place before? This place royal! But sought my Recreation in By-lanes, and fluttish Corners, unsavory Allies and Ditch-fides? When here is the whole house perfum'd: An Earl might think it his own lodging; Ladies might come to see the pictures, and not blush, to go in or out unmask'd.

Bea. Sir, will you speak to my Mistriss? The man is transported sure!

Am. I understand thy Office, leads thee no further; thy pains are abroad and below Stairs. Here honest *Fetch*. Look thee, here's the poor price of a new pair of shooes; take it. Descend, and execute thy duty.

Tra. Bless me! This is another man. More abuse yet?

Am. Now Gentlewoman to you. What fees belong to your Key? Come, where's the bed? Where's the party? Here's the man: Here's the money. Chunk chunk you old Gamester, dost hear? Here's half

a piece to buy thee Complection, Sack or Aqua-vita. What thou lik'st.

Tra. What are you Sir I pray?

An. 'Faith one that's a little ill given at this time. Where's the Piece? Here are the pieces I tell thee.

Tra. What piece Sir? If you can imagine what you are, where you are, what you would have, or where you would be, I pray tell me Sir. I'll do the best I can to satisfy you. O, my discretion will I Sir.

An. Give me but a little space to wonder at thy strange demands, and I will tell thee, good Discretion. If I should purchase a broken Cocks-comb, or bruz'd ribs now, for mistaking another mans habit, the smart were only mine. The Villain swore to me, his Master was sent for; and that his Master swore this was a Bawd to his choice Whore, newly entertain'd; and that she knew not him, and might well mistake me for him. On which presumption I have waded thus far: And if I stick in the Mud, or be driven back by a Tempest, I am arm'd. 'Tis not the first time I have been Weather-beaten, or Dry-beaten, D'ee hear?

Tra. Sir.

An. You do not know me? Or, at least, not remember me?

Tra. If I err therein Sir, I hope your pardon. For as you shall reveal your self, I shall either repent me of my Oblivion, or accuse you of unadvisedness.

An. She speaks like the wife of an Orator, that could dictate her Husbands speeches! Were not you this Morning at Sir Phillip Luckless lodging? Spoke not you with him? Sent you not for him afterwards to repair hither to the party? And know you not the man?

Tra. O infinite abuse? Sir I cry you mercy. I hope you will pardon my weak sightedness. The World's bad, and we love to deal securely. Could not your Worship make your self known sooner? Please you to entertain your self here a while, I will instantly provide for your better Welcome. O horrible indignity! But if Porters and Cudgels may be had for money, and I fit you not, let me loose my Discretion. I am furnish't with Blankets already.——*Ex.*

An. I will instantly provide for your better Welcome! Will you so? 'Twill pass: And by this light I think for my Master-jest? I Will recover my Charges, and gain over and above for three returns more with the bare Répétition of it out of one mans Purse, the *Widgine*. My jests are his nutriment; and my wit is his own, he pays so duely for it. If the Wench be but pleasing, now, to my expectation, my Felicity is Crown'd.

Tra. O child, we are undone.

Con. Marry, God shield Mrs. Trainewell. Is he geane? Must I not see him?

Tra. Alas it is not he: But some Villain sent by him to vex and spite you. One that perswades himself, we are of those Common

Creatures that sell their Honesties.

Con. Heaven bless us, and give us leave to dee first. Can he be so unkind, to scorn me so. Woe is me.

Tra. He is so dishonourable. But I will fit his Undertaker, what ere he be. Look you, is that he think you?

Con. O Weell a near Mistriss *Trainewell*! Sir *Phillip* is the likest man that ere you saw days o' your life. This Lowzel dow not. Nor would he send him. So trim a Man cannot have like bad purpose.

Enter *Beavis*.

Be. Mistriss, there's a Gentleman, one Master *Tridewell*, that says he is Sir *Phillip's* Kinsman, will by all means speak with him.

Tra. Sweet-heart, can you dissemble your sorrow with a Song, to pass a little time? I'll down and list out the subtlety of this deceit.

An. There is no Government under the Sun, like the politick Government of a Bawdy-house.

She sings above.

Song.

You say my Love is but a Man,
But I can find more odds,
Twixt him and others then I can,
find between him and Gods.

He has in's Eye
such Majesty.
His shape is so divine.
That were I Owner of the World.
He only should be mine.

An. Sweet Prologue to the insuing Interlude! *Ent. Bea.* Dost hear me honest fellow? Was this the Parties voyce?

Bea. Only hers upon my sincerity Sir.

An. Excellent! She has rais'd my desire above her Notes. Why am I thus ravish'd, and yet delay'd?

Bea. Sir, for that my Mistriss craves your Pardon. 'Tis not her neglect, that works upon your patience; but the necessity to rid a troublesome Lord or two out of the house, before the Party can appear to you. But please you to obscure your self in this dark Closet, while I convey them hence, and then, instantly, the top Gallant of pleasure shall Crown your Main mast, she says.

An. O how her Wit and Care revives me! From henceforth she is my Bawd for ever. My *Discretion*! But are they wholsome Lords *Sirah*?

Bea. 'Tis no matter for any thing they did here Sir, I warrant you. In quickly pray Sir.

An.

The Northern Lass.

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An. Must I be lock'd in?

Bea. You cannot be safe else Sir.

An. The politick Government of this little Common-wealth!

Act II. Scene IV.

Enter *Tridewel*, *Trainewell*.

Tri. Indeed Lady, I am so far from being in any Plot herein, that I protest it was meerly by his out-side, and that in the doubtful light of the Evening, that I could guess 'twas he. And had he been denyed I had gone well satisfied, it had been some other man. Which if it prove, and so his name be abus'd—Or if it be he indeed, though hitherto my most respected Cousen that offers such an Outrage as you deliver it to be: I am so much a Friend to Honesty, that let me but see the man or beast, I'll do the fair Office of a Gentleman to right you. Indeed Lady I will.

Tra. You profess nobly Sir. First will it please you, see this Gentlewoman; so much the servant of your Kinsman? What she is I have told you. Only I present her to your judgment, whether her outward seeming may deserve such scorn?
Ent. Constance.

Tri. Alas fair Lady, would they injure you?

Con. Ye feath, and scorn me too Sir. Ill betidethem. But and you do me help, and ma' Sir *Phillip* love me, God reward you.

Tri. And has your youth and beauty plac'd your love on him?

Con. Gude-feath Sir, I may not say how weell I love him: But were I one of neere sa mickle, heest eene have all. And yet he loves me not.

Tri. Indeed 'tis pittiful. Weep not sweet Lady. He shall love ye.

Con. Now Gods benison light o' ye for it.

Tri. Shew me the mischief, that hath abus'd us all. Can you conceal him longer?

Tra. In thus much to conjure you by your Manhood; to do nothing that Law may question, to your, or our disadvantage: We shall not need.

For our own right, to do our selves misdeed. Therefore take this in hand.——*a Ropes end.*

Tri. You do instruct me well. Pray let me see him.

Anvile out of the Closet.

An. On for a large Window, one of the last Edition, to leap out with half my life or limbs.

Con. Lo yee, lo yee, the worst like man to Sir *Phillip* yee saw in all your days.

Tri. Mischievous Divil! What magical madness conjur'd you into this shape?
Indeed

Indeed I'll conjure you out on't.

An. Oh hold: For Heavens sake hold. I'll confess.

Beats him.

Tri. Nay, indeed I'll beat you a little first, you'll confess the better. 'Twill come the easier from you. 'Tis a good preparative.

An. Oh! oh, I'll confess, any thing.

Tri. No Sir, not any thing. But the truth, the truth Sir.

An. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me—

Tri. You would be swearing now would you? There's for that.

An. No indeed, indeed, and indeed la I will not.

Tra. Good Sir no more. What may this poor thing be, that brav'd it so but now?

Tri. I'll tell you Lady. The most notorious, base, beaten Rascal about the Town. 'Twere lost breath to say more by him. He is as you see. Only his name is *Anvile*: And they that know him not, call him Captain.

Bea. *Anvile*? Pray Sir let me try my blade on him too.

Tri. I pray thee do, to save me a labour: For he is not half beaten yet.

Beavis beats him.

An. Oh, oh. Ladies speak for me. Ha' you no mercy?

Tra. Hold. No more.

Tri. Well Sir, thank the Ladies. Now Sir, put this Ladies favour here in your Pocket, and keep it there till I call for it. And mark what I say, if ever I find thee without this Instrument or the like, when I shall call for it, to beat thee (mark me) indeed I'll beat thee dead. And now to your Examination. How got you your rotten Mutation-ship into this Lyons case? Was it by the Owners knowledge? Was the Master of these Cloaths privy to your undertaking? Answer Sirrah, *bona fide*, I or no.

An. No upon my life; only his Man abus'd me for my Money.

Tri. What presumption made you think so vilely of these Gentlewomen?

An. Sir *Phillip's* own words to his Man, upon a letter this Lady deliver'd to him this Morning.

Tri. The Error's found. Her name you say is *Constance*, which likewise is the name of a prostituted Strumpet, with whom, 'tis thought, the wantonness of his youth hath held former Familiarity; and now it seems makes doubt, imagining that letter to be hers, that she pretends a claim to him.

An. Right Sir: Which he took so Contemptuously, that instantly he resolved to marry the Widow, Mistress *Fitchow*; and was this Morning married privately in a Chamber, within an hour after you saw him.

Con.

Con. And I undone then.

Tri. And if it be so.

An. It is undoubtedly true. I saw them married, and dined with them at his Lodging, where they will sup too : But after Supper they go to her house in the Town to bed.

Tri. This foul mistaking we shall all repent ; if we prevent not what may issue from it.

Tra. Alas Sir all will be too late.

Tri. Will you but trust my Service for your Honour ?

Tra. We will wait on you Sir.

Tri. Then Sir for this time you shall be repriv'd,
From further penance : Rise and be our Guide.
But keep your fear still : For if all our Art
Miscarry, thou art sure to share the smart.

Ex.

Act II. Scene V.

Enter *Pate*, *Howdee*.

Pa. Brother *Humfrey*, take my hand and word for thy instructions. I will acquaint thee with an old Ladies Usher, in the *Strand*, that shall give thee thy Gait, thy Postures, thy Language, thy Habit, and thy whole Charge in so plain a Method, that thou shalt instantly start up as pretty a Gentleman Usher, none disprais'd, as any between *Temple-Bar* and *Charing-Cross* ; marry further I cannot promise you. But prithee tell me. Is our Lady of so hot a Temper and stately Carriage as she is reputed ?

Ho. O I Brother. She must command all, or all shall smoke for't. She did so in my old Masters days I am sure. And he glad of peace at that rate too.

Pa. But how is she to her Servants ? Bountiful and free ?

Ho. Yes both of her voice and hands.

Pa. She will not strike, will she ?

Ho. And she could bite as well, the rankest jade that ere was curried could not come near her.

Pa. Heaven be good to us ! She nere struck thee, did she ?

Ho. 'Tis no matter for that.

Pa. Nay Brother, you know we have vow'd to be all one : The Marriage hath united us. Prithee tell me.

Ho. She broke me a Tooth at once with a Deaths-Head-Ring on her finger. It had like to ha' cost me my life ! 't has been a true *Memento* to me ever since ; bobs o' the Lips, 'tweaks by the Nose, Cuffs o' the Ear, and Trenchers at my Head in abundance.

Pa. Will she throw too ?

Ho. Any thing she can lift. And makes us pay for all the breaks, though

though she break our Heads or Faces withal. Fan-handles, Looking-Glasses or any thing.

Pa. We shall have a foul house on't I fear : But since it is too late, fight Dog, fight Bear. I'll turn my Master loose to her. Here they come. By this light methinks they look as if they were fallen out already.

ACT II. Scene VI.

Enter Luckless, Fitchow, Waiting-woman, Widgine, and Bulfinch. At the other Door Squelch, Nonsense, and Beavis.

Squ. Though I were absent at the Ceremony, I now bring my wishes of much joy.

Luc. And not too late I hope Sir *Paul*. We may yet carry them to bed with us.

Fit. You had been chiefly Sir invited, had we not stoln a day from Time, to have done a Fathers part at Church, to which in your absence, I intreated our worthy Friend, Mr. *Apprehension Bulfinch* here.

Squ. Master *Bulfinch*, I rejoyce to meet you here directly. Look you Sir. Do you know this young Gentleman?

Bul. Yes sure, methinks I should know him. But I am sure I never saw him before. Ha——

Squ. Have you forgot Sir *Hercules*?

Bul. I apprehend him to be Master *Saloman Nonsense*, Son and Heir to my right worthy Friend, Sir *Hercules Nonsense* of *Cornwall*. If you be not he Sir. I am sure it is you. I may be deceived, but I am certain 'tis he.

Luc. He is doubtful, but yet he is sure he knows him. What a *Bulfinch* is this! Sure 'tis his Language they call Bull-speaking.

Non. You say very well Sir. And never credit me as you knew my Father, I would be very ready, as you know how duty binds : For because it is an usual thing in these days, desiring the love and Friendship, I protest and vow Sir I should——

Luc. Most perfect *Nonsense*! This is a finer youth than t'other. My Wives acquaintance are most answerable to her Kindred.

Squ. 'Tis so directly, Master *Bulfinch*, and I have brought him to Town—I understand my Neece is in your house, my Lady Bride. Is she employ'd in your Chamber?

Fit. She is not here Sir. Is she *Howdee*?

Ho. Certes no Madam.

Squ. How! Not here? Sirrah what did you tell me?

Bea. What shall I say or do? I shall be hang'd directly.

Squ. How was she accompanied?

Bea. By my Mistress Sir, and two Gentlemen of her acquaintance, whose names I know not.

Squ.

Squ. Knavery, Villany and Thievery! I smell it rank. She's stolne, she's gone directly.

Wid. 'Tis indirectly Sir if she be stolne. There your word fails you.

Squ. If she be in the land I will recover her. I hope I shall find as much right in Law, as a Broker or a Joyner.

Fit. Good Sir *Paul*, I have not seen you thus distemper'd. What afflicts you?

Squ. Oh *Mistris Fitch*, my Neece, my Neece.

Wid. He's mad I think. Sir you forget my Sister is a Lady.

Squ. She's lost, she's stolne, and all my joy is gone. My Neece, my *Constance*.

Luc. *Constance*!

Fit. Who your young Neece that came lately out of the Countrey?

Wid. My Countrey thing Sister, that you promis'd me?

Squ. Promis'd you? I am abus'd. I do suspect you Accessaries. Sir I have purpos'd and promis'd her to this Gentleman. And here I charge you to restore her me.

Wid. Are you the Man that must have her?

Non. Never credit me Sir, if I have her, or have her not to my knowledge.

Squ. Sir *Phillip*, you are Courteous and Noble: As you will continue so in Opinion of honest Men, let me have right.

Luc. Sir *Paul*, upon my faith I am ignorant of any such wrong. And, for her part, should she fare amiss, I should suffer in her injury equally with your self: For I profess to you, I did love the Lads so well; and at the first sight, that had I not been otherwise allotted, and indeed contracted to her, from whom now there is no starting, she should have been my Bride, if all my love and fortune might have won her.

Fit. Had you spar'd this Protestation, Sir, you might have dissembl'd your love to me the better.

Luc. Dissemble?

Fit. 'Tis said Sir.

Pa. By this hand my Ladie's jealous already.

Ho. Bless us! What looks are these!

Squ. Sir I must take my leave, this is no time to trouble you.

Luc. Nay good Sir stay, and share in our ill Banquet. Hark, some Friend I hope. Look Sirrah. — *Cornets flourish.* *Ex. Pate.*

Fit. Some of your old Companions have brought you a fit of Mirth. But if they enter to make a Tavern of my house, I'll add a voice to their Consort shall drown all their fidling. What are they? *Ent. Pate.*

Pa. Some that come in gentile Fashion to present a Mask.

Fit. Lock up the Doors, and keep them out. *Ex. Howd.*

Luc. Break them open and let them in. — *Ex. Pate.*

Fit. Shall I not be Master of my own house?

Luc. Am not I the Master of it and you. ——— *Ex. Luc.*

Wid. Nay Sister ———

Fit. Passion of my heart.

Sqn. Bull. Madam, Madam.

Sqn. You must allow of reasonable things.

Bull. Be contented, Sir *Phillip* is a noble Gentleman, and a Courtier, and, as I apprehend ———

Wid. I dare warrant you Sister these are of his Friends, that come with their Loves to congratulate his Fortune. Speak Master *Nonsense*. A Speech of yours would do't.

Non. Never credit me, but I forsooth am of that Opinion, that it is as it were. I protest and vow ——— I should be as sorry as any Man. ———

Wid. If this were to be put into Latine now. Which were the principal Verb.

Fit. M. *Nonsense*, you have prevail'd. You see I am content.

But what I purpose, Fate shall not prevent.

Wid. Did I not tell you?

Ent. Luckless.

Luc. More lights, and let them enter. Gentlemen take your places. Sir *Paul* to night forget your sorrow. So will I mine, though I remue't to morrow. Come sit, sit. Mistrifs please you.

Fit. You wrong your Honour Sir, your most humble Hand-maid.

Wid. Brother I told you always she had hasty Humours, and as unreasonable as heart can wish: But soon over. Now she's as mild as any Dove again.

Luc. Then we are Friends; and she's my Dove again.

Musick.

The Maskers Enter. All in willow Garlands. Four Men. Four Women. The two first Pairs are Tridewell, and Constance, Anvile and Trainewell. Before the Dance, Constance sings this Song.

Song.

No Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love did me refuse;
But oh mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so mickle bliss.

It was too much for me to love
A Man, so like the Gods above;
An Angels shape, a Saint-like voice,
Aetoo Divine for Humane choice.

Oh had I wishly giv'n my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part;
Sought only to enjoy his Face;
Or any one peculiar Grace,

of

The Northern Lass.

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*Of Foot, of Hand, of Lip, or Eye,
I might have liv'd where now I Dye.
But I presuming all to choose
Am now condemned all to loose.*

At the end of the Dance, Tridewell, and Constance whisper with Anvile, each of them giving him a folded Paper.

Luc. 'Tis well perform'd. Now we would gladly know, to whom we owe our thanks.

An. That I'll deliver to you. Mean while the rest desire they may withdraw a while.

Luc. Light and all fair respect be given unto them. ———— *Exeunt all the Maskers but Anvile.*

Sqn. The Womans voice had much in't like my Neece.

Wid. Your Neece Sir Paul, odd's me I must go see her.

Luc. Nay Brother give them all their free Pleasures. By your leave you shall stay.

Wid. Shall! Shall I? I will then.

An. Now to your patience I disclose my self.

Wid. Whoop! My Governour! Look you Sister? Look you Sir Phillip. Did not I always tell you he was the rarest Wit i' th' World? This was his own invention I'll be hang'd else. Sweet Governour the conceit of the Willow, and why thou wearest it?

An. My self only to make the number in the Dance futable. And so did all the rest to fulfil the Fashion; only two excepted, that were the Leaders and subject of the Dance. The one, your Cousen Tridewell, who holds himself a lost Lover, in that you Madam to whom his affection is wholly devoted, have made your self incapable of him, in being the lawful right of another. This Paper shews him more at large.

Luc. Is't possible! Did he for that so earnestly deswade me from her this Morning?

Fit. I never saw him before this day, nor he me. These are Tricks and studied Fooleries to abuse me. ————

Tears the Paper.

Luc. Who was the other?

An. She was your fair Neece Sir Paul; the most disconsolate Beauty that ere I saw, giving her self for ever lost unto your Love Sir Phillip, presuming you once promis'd her Marriage, of which she made a claim this Morning by her Nurse, whom you revil'd by name of Bawd, calling fair Constance Whore; and to her more despight, hast'ned your Marriage sooner by a day, then you before intended with this Lady.

Luc. Constance! May that name in all other Women be accursed

The Northern Lass.

beyond themselves. Hell it self could not have vapor'd such an Error forth, as I am lost in. *Constance!* Why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind a Devils, nay worse, a Whores? To whom before 'twas given.

Bul. Sir Phillip, and Madam, you apprehend these things as things done, when they are not things indeed, but as it were shew and devise, as by the sequel you may at large apprehend.

Squ. I am of your mind Master *Bulfinch*. And trust me I am glad my Neece was drawn into the witty Conceit. For which with a new Gown I'll thank her.

Ent. Pate.

Luc. Where is she? I will endure no longer till I see her.

Pa. The Maskers are all gone Sir.

Luc. Gone Villain?

Pa. They took their Coaches instantly, and dispers'd themselves by several ways. I had no Commission to stay them.

Fit. Are you so sensible of her loss? — *Ex. Fit. With her Servants.*

Squ. My Neece might notwithstanding her lost love, have ta'n me home in her Coach.

Luc. You shall have mine Sir *Paul* and my Company so far to see her; and whether their Presentation were jest or earnest, I will not rest till I be satisfied; my Coach. I'll make no stay Sweet-heart. She's gone.

Wid. Excellent! The Bride's stollen to bed.

Squ. It should be so. I like the Custome well.

Bull. For if you apprehend it rightly, it expresseth duty in the Woman to lye prepared for him; and love in the Man, nor to be slack to embrace that duty.

Wid. A pretty Moral! A Womans duty to lye down, and a Mans love to get up. One may learn something of these old Fellows every day.

Squ. Therefore no Coach, no Company noble Knight. Pursue your home occasions, and God gi' ye joy.

Luc. Nay Sir *Paul*. Protest —

Squ. Not a word more of it directly.

Wid. Take me with you good Sir *Phillip* to see your Neece. I find Master *Nonsense* here very indifferent. And I know 'twill be the great joy to her to match but in the Family of Sir *Phillip*, of which I am a half Pillar now. Beside my Sister made me half a promise of her in good Faith, my Governour's my Witness, and I have lov'd her ever since.

Squ. But you never saw her Face.

Wid. No, but I'll be hang'd if I did not love her Viser the best ere while, though I could not tell whose 'twas, nor which was which.

Squ. Good Master *Water Widgine*, this is no time of Night to dive into business of this depth. It is Nestling time I take it. How think you Master *Bulfinch*.

Bull.

Bull. I apprehend it to be past twelve a Clock very near.

Squ. Therefore what your Sister hath promis'd you, let her perform if she can. Mean time this Gentleman is my choice : Come Master *Nonsense*, you have had a long time of silence. Master *Bulfinch*.——

Bull. I apprehend you Sir.

Luc. We'll see you to the Gate by your leave. *Ex. Omnes.*

The End of the second Act.

Act III, Scene I.

Luckless.

Luc. **W**Hat has she written here? It is the same hand I read in the Morning.

I am not your Counterfeit, or unchast Constance : But that only Constance, that truly loves you, and that will, if you live not for me, die for you? Oh that I could at any price or penance now redeem one day! Never was hasty Match sooner repented.

Enter Widgine, Anvile.

Wid. He's Melancholly methinks. Slid my Sister may lye long enough languishing for a Ladship, if this fit hold him : For she has it not really till he go to Bed and dub her.

An. Will you not go to Bed Sir? We wait for your points.

Luc. I will. But is it time? Brother, would you would do me the Favour to inquire.

Wid. Yes, I'll go see for the Possets sake. —— *Ex.*

Luc. Captain, deal fairly with me. By what means joyned you with this Society? Or how grew so soon your trust or great acquaintance with them?

An. Without offence I'll tell you. You know this Morning at your Lodging, there past some words betwixt me and your sullen Kinsman, Master——indeed la, *Tridewell*, and from him too much indeed for me, a profest Soldier to bear : But the place protected him. Till after upon mature Consideration I made after him for satisfaction, thus arm'd as you see. Purposing with this Ropes-end to right me ; and to maintain that right with this Sword, which I thank *Mars* never yet fail'd me ; as it hath well been manifested by the Effusion of much unworthy Blood of my abusers in *France, Spain, Italy, Poland, Sweden, Hungary*, all parts of *Germany*.

Luc.

Luc. Good Captain travel not so far in your Relation: But come home again to the business.

An. I have us'd it in some score or two of Sea-fights too by the way.

Luc. But to the matter Captain; where met you my Cousen?

An. The first sight I recover'd of him, was as he was entring the house of the greasie Knight there, what call you him?

Luc. Sir Paul Squelch?

An. Squelch, I, a pox Squelch him. I waited a quarter of an hour at his Door, for your Kinsman; and longer I would not, had he been Kinsman to the Emperor, and my Enemy. Therefore in I went, told Master *Tridewell* in his Ear, my coming was to call him forth, to discharge the Office of a Gentleman with his Sword, in answering those wrongs wherewith I held my Reputation wounded. Was it not well, ha? Could a poor Gentleman say more? And that in civil Fashion very privately in respect of the Company, not shewing any the least distemper, in Look or Gesture. But the Women read presently in his Countenance the whole matter; and briefly by their pretty Perswasion I took ordinary satisfaction of him.

Luc. What was that Captain?

An. Why he confess'd he wrong'd me, was sorry for't, and so forth. What should we speak more on't. This you must not speak of neither. You must promise me that o' your Honour, as you desire to hear what follows: I love no ripping up old Sores.

Luc. Not a word I, Captain upon my word. What a Rascal's this! To the point good Captain.

An. Then thus Sir? I soon perceiv'd, their drift to appease, and win me to their Friendship was for my assistance, and indeed to bear them out in this Nights work, the Mask. The whole Plot of all which was meerly to sow Dissention between you and your new married Lady, to work if they can a Separation, before carnal Copulation, in which if they can prevail, and that the dislike continue between you to that height, that a divorce be required equally by the Consent of you both, your Marriage then is frustrated, and you stand in *statu quo prius* D'ee hear. So your Cousen *Tridewell* may lawfully pursue his hopes in your Bride, who he loves as eagerly as the Melancholly Virgin dotes on you.

Luc. But may this hold good in Law Captain?

An. There's a Canon for it Sir. If both parties agree to a divorce after Marriage, so it be before Copulation.

Luc. Though the former part of his Discourse, was a most Egregious lye, yet the last hath some sound of Pleasure in it: Which I may make use of.

Ent. Tridewell.

Tri. Come gi' me the Instrument. Shall I never find thee any where, but thou wilt by just desert exact a beating from me? Hast thou no Conscience? Would'st thou have me lame my self, or melt my Grease

upon thee? Come Sir, I have over-heard you all; give me the Instrument, the Instrument I say. Indeed I'll have it. So. Now Sir——

Luc. Nay Cousen, for the service he hath done you to Night, and love of me, pardon him this time. Besides, his Charge is in the house, at whose Charge he lives. You will both shame and undo him.

Tri. Well Sir, I shall for this time pardon you, and never beat you more, if before Sir *Phillip* here you will subscribe to this. 'Tis nothing but a faithful Protestation to do reasonable things as I shall appoint, and not to reveal what I shall trust you withal.

An. If you will Covenant on your part in defence of my Reputation, to let me rail at you behind your back, I will subscribe.

Tri. Take your Pleasure. I am content. Write Sir.
In what without a Knave we cannot end.

A Knave employ'd do's th' Office of a Friend.

An. Here Sir, I deliver it as my Deed.

Tri. Here and I deliver you this again to keep. Indeed you shall for performance of Covenants.

Ent. Widgine.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated. My Sister hath fortified her lodging with Locks, Bolts, Bars, and Barracadoes.

Luc. To what end Brother: For what cause?

An. I know not whether it be discontent or willfulness, that possesses her: But you are to have no entrance there to Night. That she has sufficiently sworn.

Tri. Good.

Luc. How! Am I denied? To my With.

Tri. Pray let me speak with you Sir.

Luc. At large you shall. For though it be my Wedding Night you shall be my Bed-fellow. Lights there. Good-night Brother.——*Ex.*

Tri. Good-night Captain.——*Ex.*

Wid. How now Governour? What has anger'd thee? Something troubles thy Countenance.

An. Your coming, and the priviledge of this place hath once more preserv'd that unworthy *Tridewell* from the Justice of my fury, which should have fallen on him, had he been twin'd with me by this Light.

Wid. By this Light, Governour, Would you have fought by Candle-light?

An. Sir I dare do't by Day-light, Moon-light, Star-light.

Wid. Owl-light.

An. Any Light under the Sun. And that shall be try'd well on *Tridewell's* Head, D'ee hear?

Wid. A good jest! Try'd well upon *Tridewell*. He has Wit in his Anger. But Governour, laying your Anger aside, let me be beholden to your Wit in Atchieving this Northern Lass. Thy acquaintance with her must be the means. Prithce go and lye with me, and help me to dream out some Course. Nay look now thy fury blows so high thou dost not hear me.

An.

An. Not hear? Yes, were I in a Combat as great as ever I my self fought any, I could both hear, and give Counsel. Therefore say unto your self, by the help of your Governour she is your own.

Wid. O Man past example!

An. But D'ee hear?

Wid. Here, here. Thou shalt have any thing——*give me Money*
Exeunt.

ACT III. Scene II.

Enter Squelch, Constance, Nonsense, Trainewell.

Squ. Come your ways Hufwife. No more of your Whinings, and counterfeit Tricks. If this Gentleman be not worthy of your Love, I am not worthy to be your Uncle, directly.

Tra. Alas, what mean you Sir.

Squ. Accept of him, you accept of me. If you refuse him you deny me directly.

Tra. She understands you not a word Sir.

Squ. If you will joyn Hands and Faith with him Here's your portion, there's your Joynture; your way lies before you, pack directly.

Tra. Good Sir, consider her disease. If her understanding were direct, you might speak directly to her. But if I have any Discretion she is too full of Melancholly to be purg'd this way.

Squ. What would you have me do? Or how in your Discretion would you Counsel me?

Tra. Not to be mad Sir, because she is Melancholly, not by taking a wrong Course for her recovery to Ruin her, and forfeit your judgement. Do you think, that Commands with Chidings, Threats, or Stripes have power to work upon her, when she has neither Will nor Reason within her self to do, or not to do any thing whatsoever.

Squ. Now the Gigs up.

Tra. If her Health in Sense and understanding were perfect: Yet as she is a Woman, her Will were first to be wrought upon by fair gentle Treaty. But as she is at this time so sick in mind, that knowledge of what she is, what she do's, especially of what she should do is dead in her, her Mind must be first recover'd; and that by a due Course, in soft and temperate Proceedings: To which fit time as well as means must be allowed. Moreover——

Squ. Oh. No moreovers I beseech you, nor more of her at this time. I understand your purpose already. I do directly. Therefore speedily take what Course, and use what means shall in your Discretion be thought fit. I will subscribe, I will directly subscribe to your Discretion. My Wife when she went out of the World left me as great a Curse behind her in the Charge she gave me with this Woman, this quick sighted Guide of my house, a blind one were better. *Tra.*

Tra. You should first see, if it pleased you, how her affection may be wrought upon by the Gentlemans own fair Intreaty. Pray Sir speak to her like a Suter, look upon him Sweet-heart: This Gentleman loves you. Pray speak Sir. Do you not?

Non. Never credit me pretty Gentlewoman——

Con. Nor will I, fear it not. Nor any man that says he loves me. For alas I was too lately scorn'd.

Non. You are a Lass indeed. I protest and vow, and such a one, as I would be very sorry to appear any way, or in the least degree, as it were please you to understand me: For I'll be sworn, there is not in the World.——

Con. Truth in swearing, less in promising.

Non. If you will believe me Lady.

Con. Nor no man for your sake.

Non. There is not in the world I say——

Con. I say so too Sir. What was't I pray.

Non. There is not in the World any Gentlewoman——

Con. Tell that no further: For we are all too gentle unless men were less cruel.

Tra. Hear him speak *Constance*.

Con. You shall hear me him sing first by your leave.

Tra. Poor heart.

Squ. Here's wife work! Direct Lunacy and Ideotisme.

Bless my house from the Ward-Masters Informers.

Con. Pray Sir, are you Sir *Phillip*?

Tra. Say you are.

Non. Yes Lady, I am Sir *Phillip*.

Con. But you are none of my Sparrow. Your Mouth's not wide enough for your words.

Tra. She has stop'd his mouth there.

Con. His words would soften Adamantine Ears.

And Looks would melt a Marble heart to Tears. O wee is me!

Tra. Nay you must not weep Sweet-heart.

Con. What mun I do than? Shall I ever get him by singing trow ye? In troth I would never but sing, if I thought that were the gainest way.

Tra. I had rather hear you sing though, then see you weep.

Con. It must be of my Love than, my Sparrow as I told you. And thus it goes.

Song.

A bonny bonny Bird I had
A Bird that was my Marree:
A Bird whose Pastime made me glad,
And Phillip 'twas my Sparrow.

F

The Northern Lads.

*A pretty Play-fere : Chirp it would,
 And hop, and fly to fist.
 Keep out, as 'twere a Usurers Gold.
 And bill me when I list.
 Phillip, Phillip, Phillip it cries
 But he is fled and my Joy dyes.
 But were my Phillip come again,
 I would not change my Love
 For Juno's Bird with gawdy Train,
 Nor yet for Venus Dove.
 Nay, would my Phillip come again,
 I would not change my state,
 For his great Name-sakes of Spain,
 To be another's Mate.
 Phillip, Phillip, &c.*

No no, you cannot be the Man. I know him right weell by you Sir, as wily as you be. Gin you had all his trim geer upon you, and all his sweets about you, yet I should not be so fond to mistake a Jenny Howlet for a Tassel Gentle. Ah, ah, ha.

Tra. Why Love, what fault do you find in this Gentleman?

Con. Feath, but eene eane. That he is not Sir Phillip. For thus would he do. Thus would he kiss his hand; and thus ta' me by mine. Thus would he look, and set his Eye on mine: And give me leave to see my self in's Eyen. 'Twas the best Glas introth that ere I saw. I ne're look'd weell sine. Nor ere i'me sure, until I see me there again. *ling.*

But he is geane, alas he's geane, and all too late I sorrow:

For I shall never be well again, till Yisterday be to morrow.

God give you good even Sir. — — — *Ex.*

Tra. Follow her Sir.

Squ. And put her to't Sir, and out of this Humours. I'll add the t'other five hundred to her Portion, and you bring her about handsomely. O when I was a Batchelor! I think I can do somewhat yet in my old days. But when I was a Batchelor, how I could have handled this geer.

Non. Never credit me Sir, if you will believe me but — — —

Squ. I do believe you Sir sufficiently good Master *Nonsense*. No more of your impertinent Speeches. But follow her, and put her to't I say, to't directly. Take her into the Orchard; and 'twas there she fell in love they say. It may be the place is Omenous. *Ex. Non.*

Tra. Sir there will be no way for her recovery, but to remove her lodging, and have some good Phisicians about her.

Squ. Where you please, and use whose help you please: She is your own; dispose of her freely, as I will of what is mine. I'll take a new course of Life directly. Let me see. She is lost, past recovery. Say I should marry. I might yet have an Heir of mine own.

Tra.

Tra. Yes, but of whose getting Sir?

Squ. There might rise a fearful question.

Tra. Think not of it Sir. A man of your years, and Gravity, with respect the World gives you for your place and Worship in the Common Wealth, together with the Riches you have pil'd up in a Mountainous Estate; to cast all down with your self, and Fortune at the foot of a stranger! Think what would be thought of you, if such a Detage should possess you,

Squ. She's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray how was Master *Spartledirt* talk'd on t'other day for doing such a Trick? Yet he was held a wise Lawyer. You see a fair example in the late Marriage of Sir *Phillip Luckless*, and his *Fitchow*, a Match of your own making, and cause of your Nieces and your own Misfortune.

Squ. No more I beseech you.

Tra. There's tugging for a Mastery, and buffetting for the Breeches. He barks at her, she snaps at him; she breaks his Wine-Glass, he her Looking-Glass; she puts away his Servants, he turns away hers; she Locks her Chamber-door, he Bolts his, begetting nothing but a World of strife and disorder.

Squ. I pray shut up that point, I will not marry. No directly I will not, though the truth is my purpose: Was to have cast my self and Fortune wholly upon you, if it might have seem'd well in your Discretion, umh umh.

Tra. I pray stay a little Sir, take me a long with you.

Squ. Not a step further, this way by your leave. I think I have pusel'd her Discretion.

Tra. Understand me Sir. As I would not have you fall rashly upon any thing; no more would I have you flye suddenly from any purpose, without advice and sober Deliberation. If you should marry one that would be a Comfortable Nurse unto you, as (though I say't) you partly know—

Squ. Say you nothing, for I do know nothing, nor I will know nothing more of this matter directly: For if ever I marry, let me suffer all that the Law provides for Perjury; let me be cropt and slit worse than a French Curtal, or a Parliamentary Delinquent for blaspheming the Blood-Royal. No, I will now bestow my Wealth in Monumental good Deeds, and Charitable Uses in my Life-time to be talked well on when I am Dead.

Tra. Yes, build Alms-houses and Hospitals for Beggars, and provide in *Bridewell*, and houses of Correction for your Friends and Kindred. Pray give enough to *Bedlam*, you may feel some part of that benefit your self before you die, if these fits hold you.

Squ. She would have me do no good with that I have neither. Let me Consider. The most I have to say directly hath not been very well gotten.

gotten. Were it not a point of good Conscience, to spend that Prodigally, and save a lewd Heir the sin? And that which I have got well and honestly, hath been with much care and travel; were it not then a point of Equity to my self, to spend that with ease and Pleasure? 'Tis done directly, what I have is mine own; and I will be merry with it. With-in there ho.

Tra. What's the toy now?

Ent. Cleark.

Squ. Sirrah. Take there twenty pieces. Bestow it all presently in choicest Meats, and richest Wines for my Supper. This one nights Supper directly. What I have is mine own: And I will be merry with it.

Tra. Cle. Bless us!

Squ. Six brace of Partridges, and six Pheasants in a Dish, God-wits, Knots, Quails, and the rest of the Meats answerable for half a score, or a dozen Persons of the best Quality: Whom I will think of presently.

Cle. Brain of a down right Justice! What means my Master, to leap out of a Thirty shillings a Week House-keeping into Twenty pounds a Supper? I may sell my Clarks place: For sure he means to thrust himself out of the Commission. He can be no Justice long if this Humour hold. Who shall be the Guests troe?

Squ. I have it directly. You shall go to the Ordinaries, and from thence invite such young Gallants as you find to be Gamesters. I mean of the highest cut.

Tra. Men that you do not know Sir?

Squ. I directly: If they know me, or have heard of me 'tis sufficient: We shall be soon acquainted. Bring not a man with any paid for Gold Lace or Scarlet about him, I charge you, nor without a Protection in his Pocket.

Tra. You run a great hazard in this sir. You may perhaps be cheated of all you have, if I have any Discretion.

Squ. And much good do't their good hearts. What I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it directly. You have put me by one or two Courses: But not all your Discretion shall beat me out of this. If you take some Care in the business, and huswife the intertainment to make it brave for my Credit, you may get a Gown or a Jewel by it. If not—

Tra. Sir I'll obey you. If he be mad I will not be foolish but strike in for a share. And for your Guests sir, let me alone: My man is best acquainted at the Ordinaries.

Squ. Why now you speak.

Tra. Within there *Beavis*. But introth sir, I doubt whether any such Guests will come, you have always been so strict and terrible in your justiciary Courses.

Ent. Beavis.

Squ. Let him say mine Eyes are opened, and their Vertue is revealed unto me. And if any of the Youngsters have Mistresses let 'em bring 'em.

'em. They shall have Musick; what I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it. My flesh, though not in the way of Marriage, requires some satisfaction too. Where might a man in all this plentiful Town, find a choice piece directly that he might make his own? Only his own? A very hard question. And Custome has made it almost an unreasonable one, though it were in ones own Wife. In a Citizens or Trades-man Wife, a Man must suffer the Rival-ship of a slovenly Husband: The stink of his Horns ever under ones Nose. A cast Lady, or Gentlewoman of Courtly acquaintance, to maintain her, is to feed a Fountain, that wafts it self through many Spouts: What I supply her with, will be drawn out by twenty. All her Friends must share of my Prodigality. To train up an innocent Countrey Girl, is like hatching a Cuckoe; as soon as she is ripe, and sees the World afore her, she flies at her advantage, and leaves me dead i' the nest. How now.

Enter Cleark.

Cle. Sir, here's a Delinquent brought before your Worship to be examined, a Gentlewoman sir.

Squ. Who brings her?

Cle. *Vexhem* the Constable sir.

Squ. Look on his feet. Sure 'tis the Devil in his likeness: That old Bawd knowing how it stood with me, has brought me one of his *succuba*. Art sure 'tis *Vexhem*?

Cle. Sure sir? The Devil himself knows him not better than I know him from the Devil. I am sure, he has been in Fee with me these nine years: Almost ever since he was Constable; and has brought more profit to my Desk than all the honest Officers in the Counties of your Commission sir. Oh he's a rare fellow, he'll tickle a Whore in Coany.

Squ. You know my mind. I will in and handle this geer in privy.

Enter Nonsense, Constable.

Tra. *Beavis*, You understand me. Prithee go discreetly about it.

Bea. Pray let me see a little of this first.

Non. If I put her to't, or ever offer to put any Woman to't again, never Credit me: Let me never be trusted, I protest and vow Gentlewoman she has us'd me—

Tra. Very ill favourdly methinks.

Bea. Ha' you put her to't sir.

Non. I cannot put her to't, nor she will not be put to't.

Sing.

Con. I wo' not go to't, nor I mun not go to't,

For love, not yet for Fee:

For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,

And a good one till I dye.

Yet mine intent, I could repent, for ane mans Company.

Ent

But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrously chang'd. I am sure his faults were not written on his Forehead. God pardon him.

Non. If mine be, you can best read 'em 'tis your own Hand-writing.

Bea. She has done a cure on him. He spoke Sense now. Alas Sir, that a fair hand should make such blots! What hand is it? Secretary, Roman, Court, or Text? I have not seen the like: 'Tis all dominical Letters, Red-ink. His face is like an Almanack of all Holy-days.

Tra. Sure 'tis Stenography, every Character a word: And here and there one for a whole Sentence.

Bea. Here's one might serve for a whole History. The Life and Death of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones*.

Non. I see I am not such an Ass, I would I might never stir but I am—
Where's Sir *Paul*? If I do not tell him—

Tra. What did you to provoke her thus?

Non. Nothing but what I can answer in a fort D'ee see me as well as—never gi' me Credit I had warrant under his hand.

Bea. How Sir?

Non. By word of mouth Sir.

Bea. That's above hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it so? Good Sir, his meaning was, you should put her fairly on like a Lover, with sweet Speeches, and gentle Behaviour.

Non. She understands nothing that I can speak.

Bea. Nor any body else I think.

Tra. And therefore you fell to express your self in rude Action. She has serv'd you but well: You are a fine putter to't indeed.

Sing.

Con. *Mun too't, Mun too't Muntarara ra Muntarara raa ree,*
And ever I sigh and cry alack for Phillip's love I die.

Just so did our Dairy-maid at home serve my Lady *Fiddledees* Butler. And there I learn't it. But when she had so done, what did she then do? Bestow'd a Penny-worth of *Unguentum Album*, and it made him whole presently. Good Mrs. *Trainewell* send to your Apothecary for some: 'Twill make him weel e'ne now.

Tra. I, Sweet-heart: But first you shall go in the Coach with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know I am not weell too. But I'll ha' no Doctor but Sir *Phillip*.

Tra. It shall be Sir *Phillip*, (Poor soul,) all must be Sir *Phillip*. You shall lye at his house.

Con. But not with him by my Faith, and your leave, in't we be married.

Prithee *Beavis* gar him wash his Face: He'll scare some bodies Barnes else.—

Ex. with Tra.

Bea. I'll throw him into the Dock rather than he shall succeed *Jack O' Dandy*. Come sir. all shall be well again. Fear not.

Non. I thank you sir.

Act.

Act III. Scene III.

Enter *Luckless* and *Tridewell*.

Luc. Cousen, I understand you at full. And am glad that occasion hath pointed out a Probability to lead me out of this Labirinth; and you to your desired end.

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you shall arrive at your own Wishes.

Luc. She has put me into't her self too.

Tri. By sequestering her self from you the first night.

Luc. For which Cousen; If I take not occasion to keep my self from her, all nights, days, and times hereafter, may the Act of our bodies beget prodigious Monsters and nothing else.

Tri. A fearful vow! Look to't. And I warrant she sues for the Divorce first.

Luc. May we prove but as certain as you are Confident in our other project, for recalling *Constance* to her self, and me then to her, these Fetters being shaken off, may they prove Golden ones to you, I shall not envy you.

Tri. For her take no thought sir. The interest I have in her Tutrefs. with the work I have fashion'd upon my *Anvile*, shall bring all to your wish. I expect to hear from him instantly.

Luc. I'll freely resign your wish to you, and add half I have to Augment her estate to you. Oh I tremble to think on her: Her presence shakes the house like an Earthquake: The Out-rage of Prentizes is not so Terrible to a Bawd or a Cut-purse, as her voyce is to me. Yet to you she may be calm as the breath of Friendship, and milde as the Mid-night whispers of chaste love.

Tri. Sir, I profess my Affection flies eagerly at her. She takes me deeply, however you have mistaken one another. Oh here comes my *Anvile*! Methinks his very Countenance invites me to strike him, though I know he do's me good service now. Enter *Anvile*.

An. 'Tis done sir. I warrant she's plac'd, successfully, D'ee hear?

Tri. How prithee?

An. I have sent her before his Worship by a Constable.

Luc. Who has he sent? Before whose Worship?

Tri. You shall know all. He has sent your cast Whore before Sir *Paul*.

Luc. The Mystery, Gentlemen?

Tri. The success shall unfold it in good time to your and my benefit? Doubt not, if she but follow her instructions.

Luc. Nay, if she be not Mistress of her Art, there is no deceit among Trades-men, no bribery among Officers, no Bankrupt out of *Ludgate*, nor Whore out of *Bridewell*. An.

An. And if I ha' not fitted her with a Second, my Friend *Vexhem*, the Constable, then say there is no wit among Knaves, no want among Schollars, no rest in the Grave, nor unquietness in Marriage, D'ee hear?

Luc. Of which here comes the truest Testimony.

Enter *Firchow*, *Pate*, *Widgine*, *Howdee*.

Fit. Out of my Doors thou Miscreant.

Wid. Nay Sister. O Governour, art here?

Fir. Avoid my House, and that presently, I'll claw your skin off after your Livery else, and make you so much nakeder than time makes all other serving Creature.

Luc. Do you talk of turning away my Man? You shall give me leave to turn away your *Howdee* first, and then put off my, God a mercy how dost thou?

Fir. Am I jeer'd? Flowted to my Face? Is this fit usage for a Wife?

Luc. A Wife? A Witch.

Fir. A Husband? A Hangman.

Luc. Out-puffs.

Trid. Nay sir, indeed the fault is yours most extremely now. Pray sir forbear to strain beyond a Womans patience.

Fir. Am I scorn'd and revil'd?

Luc. Ah, ha ha.

Fir. Made a property of Laughter?

Luc. A ha, ha.

Fir. Have I no Friend, no Servant to Command?

Luc. Ah, ha, ha.

Fir. Has my Ladiship made me so lamentable a thing, that I have lost the Power of a Mistress? You sir, run and call some Friends to succour me, or I'll thrattle you.

Luc. Stir but a foot Sirrah, or utter but a syllable, and I'll cut your Thrattle-pipe.

How. I shall be carv'd out betwixt them.

Fir. What will become of me? You, Wood-Cock, Ninny-hammer.

Wid. Have you forgot my name Sister? Would not *Widgine* become your mouth, as well? Forget your natural Brothers name?

Fir. Can you call me Sister, and see me abus'd thus?

Wid. Foutre for Sisters; I am not to meddle with another mans Wife. I am about one for my self. You mention'd her first to me. But I must be beholden to others wits and means to compass her: Or else——

Luc. Do as I bid you, or——

How. O Sir she'll rend me in pieces, tear me like a Lark.

Luc. Dost thou fear her or me. Do't or I——

How. Sir, there's Master *Walter* can sing it rarely.

Luc.

Luc. So he shall fir, and so will all ; but you must put us in. Begin.

How. Hey down down, &c. *sing.*

Wid. Sister, Wife, and all, is a present nothing to this. Come round Gentlemen. Keep her but off, and let me alone.

They all take hands, and Dance round. Widgine in the midst sings this Song. They all bear the burden, while she scolds and strives to be among 'em. Tridewell holds her off.

Wid. *He that marries a Scold, a Scold,* *Song.*
 He has most cause to be merry :
 For when she's in her fits, he may cherish his wits
 By singing hey down derry.

All. ——— *Hey down down derry down down down, &c.*

Enter Bulfinch.

Bull. I cry you mercy Gallants. I apprehend you would be private.

Luc. O no Master *Bulfinch*, you shall make one of our Council.

Bull. I apprehend Gentlemen you are merrily dispos'd, in good sadness.

Wid. Apprehend a Fools head. Come into play.

All. I, I, in with him, and about again.

They pull him into the Round.

Wid. *He that marries a merry Lass,*
 He has most cause to be sad.
 For let her go free in her merry Tricks, she
 Will work his Patience mad.
 But he that marries a Scold a Scold, &c.
 He that weds with a Roaring Girl,
 that will both scratch and bite ;
 Though he study all day to make her away,
 will be glad to please her at night.
 And he that copes with a sullen Wench,
 That scarce will speak at all,
 Her doggedness more than a Scold or a Whore,
 Will perpetrate his Gall.
 All. *Hey down down, &c.*
 He that's match'd with a Turtle Dove,
 That has no spleen about her,
 Shall waist so much life in the love of his Wife,
 He were better be without her.
 But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.

G

Fit.

Fit. O Scorn upon Scorn, Torment upon Torment. Let me rather be buried alive than bear this. *She gets loose.*

Slaves, Rascals, get ye all out of my Doors. By Vertue of my nails, I charge ye. I'll not leave an Eye or a Nose amongst ye. *Flies upon all.*

How. Wid. Bull. Arr. O Lord, O Lord.

Luc. Come bouncing after me Boys.

Ex. singing.

Fit. Oh how am I wrong'd. *Ex. Omnes preter Fit. Tri. Bull.*

Bull. Sure I did apprehend this mirth, as right as could be possible the wrong way.

Tri. Madam, I see too much of your Vexation; and indeed I suffer too much with you. As I am a Gentleman I will give you right Friendly Counsel, if you will hear me.

Fit. Sir I have perceiv'd Humanity in you, and do love it in you. But I know not what to do, nor whom to hear. I am fallen into the pit of Bondage, and will take any Course for my Redemption. Oh Master *Bulfinch.*

Tri. This will make to my purpose.

Fit. Sir I am wrong'd beyond expression. This Gentleman is an Eye-witness of my sufferings. Pray come in Sir. I will hear your Counsel together with this Gentlemans Advice.

Bull. Madam, your Case is in my apprehension, most desperate, yet full of Comfort in regard you seek Advice and Counsel. Mine is ever ready, and more fortunate oftentimes than judicious. For I do nothing but upon good Reason and Deliberation.

The End of the Third Act.

Act IIII, Scene I.

Enter Squelch, Holdup, Vexhem.

Vex. Sir I beseech your Worship, deal not so severely with me.
Squ. Sirrah I will teach you how to deal with Dealers, and not with vertuous Gentlewomen; bring *Innocency* before *Justice*; and be able to lay nothing to her Charge.

Vex. Indeed sir, the Captain inform'd me of her; and said he would be here ready to accuse her. Good sir.

Squ. Most Officious Sir. What Warrant had you? None. What is the Captains name? You know not. Where's his Lodging? You are ignorant. But here was your cunning; it appears most plainly, that you thinking her to be one of the Trade, thought to make a Prey of her

her Purse : Which since your Affrightment, could not make her open unto you, you thought to make her Innocency smart for't. I will make your Knavery smart for't directly. Come is the *Mittimus* ready? Gi' me't—

Writes and seals it.

Ent. Clark.

Vex. Good your Worship, hold your hand. For my poor Family fake.

Squ. Here take him forth, and let the next Constable convey him to Newgate.

Vex. Sir 'tis the first time that ever I offended in this kind. I pray your Worship be of a better mind towards me.

Squ. Away I say directly. As I am in my right Mind and *Middlesex*, I will shew my Justice on thee.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha.

Squ. Do's the Knave laugh? Bring him back. May a man ask the cause of your Mirth? *Vex.* Sir I have laught at the vexation of a thousand in my days. I hope I may have leave once in my Life to laugh at mine own.

Squ. Oh is it so? Pray hold you merry sir.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha, ha—

Ex.

Squ. Now Lady, whereas you were brought before me as a Delinquent, I retain you as my Mistress. I like her beyond measure. A pretty young thing! New brought to a pace! Ah, ha! She has committed a little Country folly, as she privately confesses. What's that? It may stand in rank with that they call Vertue here; and then she's content to live as privately as I please. She shall up, I will Winter and Summer her before she shall see a High-way of this Town. She's for my turn directly. Mistress *Holdup*, is your name say you?

Hold. Camilla Holdup sir. A poor Gentlewoman. My Father bore the Office of a Commissioner for the Peace in the West Country, till Misfortune wrought his Estate out of his hands.

Squ. Holdup! I have heard of him, and know what 'twas that sunk him. He liv'd by the Sea-side; 'twas Trading with the Pirats. Buying their Goods, and selling them Victuals.

Hold. 'Tis too true sir. He paid so dearly for't at last, that I have no more, but my bare breeding, and what I bear about me to live upon.

Squ. Which is enough: Enough directly; if you can bear your self discreetly, and contain your self within those bounds of Fortune, in which I'll plant you. Alas good Soul, weep not; let Money and Authority be thy Comfort. By which thou shalt feel no want, nor fear no Danger. But to our business. I have already acquainted you with my Neece *Constances* disease, and that she is remov'd out of my House for her Health. I will lodge you at a trusty Tenants house where she

is unknown. You shall take her name upon you.

Hold. Which is mine own already.

Squ. And if you can but a little Counterfeit her Melancholly, you may freely pass for her: And my Accesses to thee, my sweet Girl, shall crown us with fulness of Delight and Pleasure.

Hold. Sir, you have most worthily made me your own, and all my study shall be to obey you.

Squ. Now had I but a fit Attendant for the person of my love!

Hold. Some simple honest body sir.

Squ. Then we were fitted. How now. *Ent. Cleark.*

Clea. My Lady *Luckless* man desires to speak with you.

Squ. Stand you by unseen a while. Send him in. I do expect some Message now, in the behalf of her unlucky Ladyships wife Brother, Master *Widge*, touching my Niece. Now Friend how do's my good Lady?

Ent. Howd.

How. I left her very ill sir; for she has beaten me, and thrust me out of Doors with her own hands, without penny in my Purse, or other Cloak o' my back, then the bare Livery, that a cast Serving-man cannot shake off, of Knave and Beggar.

Squ. Thou leftest her very ill indeed. But well, thou would'st have me be a means to re-establish thee in thy Lady.

How. In her Service sir.

Squ. I speak by a figure *Humfrey*: For to be inward with, or indeed within a Mistress, is to be a Servant in the most Courtly phrase.

How. I sir. Those are convenient Servants sir. We are Covenant Servants. They are respected above Husbands: We abased beneath Slaves. They purchase Place, Honours, and Offices oftentimes with their Ladies Monies, when we find not our Wages without hard words, and are in fear, (poor Snakes) to have our Sloughs pulled over our Ears before the year goes about. We drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies: But the best is, we labour and sweat it out for our Ladies, when they are fain to take Physick, and lye in for their Ladies.

Squ. Most intelligent *Humfrey*. Let us retire to the purpose. Put case I have a Mistress in store for you; to whom I may commend you upon my own Credit, and undertake for your Entertainment and means by my own Purse. What would you say? What would you do?

How. Sir, I will say over the Gent. Ushers Grammer to you, and do her Service by the Rules. *Squ.* Well said directly.

Incipe Humfride. Say your part.

How. In a Gentleman Usher there be eight parts. Boldness, Neatness, Flattery and Secresie, rewarded. Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honesty, unrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldness?

How. His Boldness is the use of his Manhood in right of his Ladies Honour, Degree, Place or Priviledge, at home, abroad, in private or publick

publick meeting, for the hand, for the wall, for the what she will, for the what she calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded?

How. By obtaining of Sutes made out of cast Gowns or Petticoats. Which if he be a Taylor, as most of our middle sort of Professors are, is thereby made a Man in spight of the Proverb, and thrust into the High-way of Advancement.

Squ. Perge *Humfrey*. His Neatness now?

How. His Neatness consists most diversly sir. Not only in the decent wearing of those Cloaths and clean Linnen, pruning his Hair, ruffling his Boots, ordering his Shoe-tyes; these are poor Expressions, a Journey-man Barber will do't. But to do his Office neatly, his Garb, his Pace, his Postures, his comes on and his comes off, his Complements, his Visits.

Squ. His Howdees?

How. In which a profound Judgement would be puzzled.

Squ. I believe thee.

How. And the most absolute or Artificial Memory set o' the Rack. To be able to relate how this Ladies Tooth does: And t'other Ladies Toe. How this Ladies Milk does: And how t'others Doctor lik'd her last Water: How this Ladies Husband; and how t'other Ladies Dog slept last Night: How this Child, that Monkey, this Nurse, that Parrat, and a Thousand such. Then his Neatness in Chamber-work, or about the person of his Lady, in case her Maid or her Woman be otherwise occupied, to convey a Pin into her Ruff neatly, or add a help to her Head dressing, as well as *John among the Maids*. Lastly, his dexterity in Carving, and his Discretion in Marshalling of meats; to give every Mess the due Service, and every Dish his lawful Preheminence.

Squ. And how is this Neatness rewarded *Humfrey*?

Hum. Doubly sir: At Board and at Bed: By good bits, and the love of the Chamber-maid.

Squ. Well *Humfrey*, because we will not make this Scene too long, we will omit the rest: Only why are your last four parts, Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honesty unrewarded?

How. Sir. They are parts that spring out of Vertue, and are therefore born with their reward in their Mouths, and ought to expect no further from any Service in these times.

Squ. Most edifying *Humfrey*. I have a Mistress in store for thee.

How. I long to see her sir.

Squ. Didst thou never see my Niece *Constance*?

How. No sir. But I have heard she is diseas'd with Melancholly; and if she should prove mad too, like my old Lady, I were then as far to seek as ere I was.

Squ. Fear it not *Humfrey*. My Warrant ease thy Care. Niece come forth. [Enter Holdup] I shall fit you with a Servant. Fall

to

to your Postures *Humfrey*. Your Garb. [*He does his Postures*]
 So. Your Pace. So. Your Congy. So. Hand your Lady. Good.
 Arm your Lady. Good still. Side your Lady. Very good. Draw
 out your Lady. Excellent. Present your Lady. Singular well, good
Humfrey.

How. Sir, I can Shoulder my Lady too : But that is when she takes
 Coach ; and Foot my Lady, when she alights.

Sqn. Precious *Humfrey*, I admire thy Art.

How. I Learn't all of a good old Ladies man in the *Strand* sir, that
 must be nameless,

Sqn. Now *Humfrey*, Walk your Lady to the Burse.

How. O most Hostlerly spoken ! Under Correction sir, Wait your
 Lady I pray sir.

Sqn. Well said *Humfrey*. Here's something for my instruction. Now
 wait your Lady to the Burse. She has some trifles to buy there. I
 will find you there presently, and conduct you to your Lodging.

Gives her Money.

Hold. What shall I do with all this sir ? I would indeed but buy an
 ounce or two of Thread, some Netting-pins and Needles, and a Frame
 to flourish my work on. Hereafter I will work in Gold and Silver, if
 you please, for your own wearing.

Sqn. As I would wish ! Her simplicity takes me above her Beauty. Go
 I say. I'll follow. Methinks I eene feel my self, thank my self for be-
 ing in this good Humour. What I have is mine own, and I will be
 merry with it directly. — *Ex.*

ACT III. Scene II.

Enter Fitchow, Tridewell, Bulfinch, Widgine, Arvile.

Fit. Gentlemen, you now know the Calamity I suffer under. And
 you have shew'd me the best way to Comfort : For which I thank you.
 I have given you my Resolution for a Divorce, upon Condition. Be-
 fore which, I must promise you nothing sir. But I assure you in the
 mean time, you stand prime in my affection : For I have in all found
 you a right worthy Gentleman.

Tri. Madam, I have not utterance to declare my acceptance of your
 love. It must therefore be lock'd up in my Breast, the Treasure of my
 heart. Now for the Condition upon which your Divorce depends,
 we must see that perform'd, and then——

Fit. Sir, I will make good more than I now may promise.

Tri. You speak nobly.

Fit. It relishes a little too much of Womanly wilfulness I Confess.
 But all my wilfulness (that I'll promise you sir) shall die in the end
 of this Business.

Tri.

Tri. Well then, before your discreet Neighbour *M. Bulfinch* here. If you have not your Will in this, I will disclaim in your Favour hereafter. Sir, the Condition is (as you may remember——

Bul. I apprehend it Sir. That *Sir Paul Squelch* his Neece be first married or contracted, and then she Consents to a Divorce: And that you be assistant to her Brother here to obtain her for him.

Tri. To which I promise my ready help, only I must not appear in the business.

Bul. I will only appear in it, for I will not be seen in the matter.

Tri. As how sir?

Bul. as thus sir. I will keep your Counsel: Not only in holding my Peace to all the World, but in saying nothing to *Sir Paul* himself. D'ee apprehend my sir?

Tri. And thank you sir. Now every man to his part *M. Widgine*, You have both your Sisters and my best directions already, which I doubt not but with the help of your Governour you will make good use of. Madam will you in, and but wish well to our Proceedings, and trouble your Thoughts no further.

Ex. severally.

An. Sir, what help he has of me, is for the Ladies and his own sake, not your's D'ee hear.

Wid. No blustering now good Governour: Prithee restrain thy fury. Thou canst never hear nor speak to that Gent. with any Patience; and yet he is on our side now. Prithee let's loose no time. I never long'd more for my Mothers coming from a Christning, than to be at this Northern Lass.——*Ex.*

Act IIII. Scene. III.

Enter *Tridewell*, *Trainewell*, *Holdup*.

Tri. Wanton you have begun Propitiously: Proceed but confidently, and I'll warrant thee a wealthy Husband by it, or a Composition that may prove the better purchase.

Hol. Sir, be you and this Lady but as Confident of my Fidelity, and trust me in this Action, and if I break not the Toyls your Kinsman is in, and make you Mistriss of my Interest in *Sir Paul*, let all the good you intended me, be a Lockram Coife, a blew Gown, a Wheel and a clean Whip. You are sure the Lady will yield to a Divorce, if *Constance* whom I now personate be first married or contracted.

Tri. Right, She do's but hold off till then, and that wilfully; because she fears it is for *Constance's* love, that her Husband desires the Divorce.

Hol. And you are sure that *Constance* is safe from her discovery.

Tra. I, upon the hazard of my Discretion.

Hol. To any then that knows her not very well, If I appear not the same

same *Constance*—you have given me her Character right?

Tra. The best that we can possibly.

Hol. Nay, I have a further help then you both imagine yet.

Tri. May we know it?

Hol. It shall be no secret. My Servant *Howdee*, whom you and Sir *Paul*, suppose his Lady turn'd away, was by her Ladiship taught only to feign it; and cunningly instructed to work himself into the Service of *Constance*, to further her Brothers proceedings. And since Fortune hath put him upon me, whom he takes to be the same Mistress, if I make not apt use of it——

Tri. 'Tis most fairly Ominous. Come Lady. He cannot but be at hand; and our stay may do hurt. (You remember the Doctors lodging I told you of, and Sir *Phillips* appointment to meet you there an hour hence)

Tra. All sir, I would use no other. She is there already. *Ex.*

Tri. No more then; away. Fare you well sweet Creature. *Ex.*

Hol. If my deceit now, should be discovered, before my work be ended, my Brain-tricks might perhaps, in stead of all these fair hopes, Purchase me the Lath. Fore *Venus*, my flesh e'ne trembles to think on't. It brings likewise into my Consideration, the baseness of my Condition; how much unpittied the punishment of a Whore is, and how suddenly it overtakes her! My joynt Conspirators are in no danger. I only run the hazard, though they are as deep in Fact as my self. Well. If I scape this pull, and draw any Fortune by't, I'll change my Function sure. A common Whore? I'll be a Nun rather. They come most fitly, and I must into my fit——*Withdraws behind the hanging.*

ACT IV. Scene IV.

Enter Widgine, Anvile, Howdee.

How. Indeed sir, it was my Ladies plot, but you must take no notice of it.

Wid. I'll thank her with all my heart, and she shall never know on't.

How. But if Sir *Paul*, my now Master should discover my deceit, how shall I scape his Vengeance?

An. What dost thou think of me, weak fellow? Am not I a Commander, ha?

How. I, in the War Captain: But he is a Justice of Peace, and a Commander of Captains in *Middlesex*, sends two or three drunken Ones to *Newgate* at a clap sometimes.

Wid. Fear no discovery *Humfrey*. Let me but see her, and I'll Warrant thee.

How. She'll see none but Sir *Phillip*, you must be no body else. Remember that: You must know no other name you have. Now if you
can

can Sir Phillip it handsomely there's it.

Wid. I warrant thee, and my Governour shall Sir Phillip me at every word; and if I do not Sir Phillip her, better than ever she was Phillip in her Life, then say I am no Legitimate *Widgine*.

Hol. 'Tis past your strength or reach either by forty I believe. I doubt your middle Finger is too short, Master *Widgine*.

How. Well, I must venter it. Here she comes. *Has a Baby.*

Wid. What's she doing? Odds me! Making a Baby I think. Are you good at that I faith? I'll be at that sport with you, it shall cost me a fall else.

How. Oh she has a hundred such Apish toys. E'ne now she was great with Child forsooth as she could go. And was perswaded she had a Child as big as I in her Belly. I wondred at it, and she told me she had had a hundred there as big in her days.

Wid. What, what?

How. I but she knew not what she said. By and by, I must be a Man Midwife forsooth and deliver her: For 'twas past all Womans skill. Now she thinks she is brought a Bed, and nurses the Child her self.

Wid. And who's the Father?

How. O none but Sir Phillip.

Wid. I'll Father it as well as he. Is't, a Boy or a Girl trow? Would she would make a Christning Banquet while we are here. Hark she sings.

Song.

Peace Wayward Barne; O cease thy mone:

Thy far more Wayward Daddy's gone:

And never will recalled be

By cries of either thee, or me:

For should we cry,

until we dye,

We could not scant his cruelty.

Ballow, Ballow, &c.

He needs might in himself foresee,

What thou successively might'st be;

And could he then, (though me forego)

His Infant leave, ere he did know,

How like the Dad

would be the Lad,

In time, to make fond Maidens glad?

Ballow, Ballow, &c.

Wid. How is this pretty Mrs. *Constance*, that you complain of your Love before he be lost?

Hol. Who be you I pray?

H

Wid

Wid. Pray thee tell her Governour, I ha' not the heart to lye now.

Anu. It is Sir *Phillip*, Lady, come to do you right. D'ee hear?

Hol. Yes sir, I hear you vary weel; and could e'ne wish if my heart I could believe you.

Anu. Speak your self sir.

Wid. You may, *Mistriss Constance*; for as I am an honest man, I never mean't to wrong you.

Hol. I do believe you sir. But pray protest no more by that name till you make your self such by marrying me. You have gotten a Barg by me, I is sure o' that.

Wid. I come for the same purpose, Sweet-heart, I'll both Father and keep thy Child, and make thee an honest Woman. Give me your hand before this Gentleman, and your Servant here; and say but the word; I'll get a Licence presently, fetch you away and dispatch you to night.

Sing.

Hol. Marry me, marry me, quoth the bonny Lass: And when will you begin?

Wid. As for thy Wedding Lass we'll do well enough, in spite o' the best o' thy Kin.

Hol. I can but thank you, obey you, and pray for you sir.

Wid. Governour, wilt thou believe me? It e'ne pitties my heart, to wrong so sweet a piece of simplicity. But Fortune has dress'd her for me to feed on; and I'll fall to.

Anu. Or the Devil to choak you. Well, boystrous Master *Tridewell*, your Ropes-end hath driven me into a business here, deserves a whole Rope. But I hope that *Destiny* attends not me, though this Marriage be his: And since it is his Fate, fair befall it him, I am discharg'd.

Wid. Come Governour, we are agreed; let's go that we may hie us again, and dispatch.

Hol. Nay sir. You shall not say, you married me for nought: You shall hear me sing before you go.

Anu. What an Owfel'tis! She means he shall marry her for a Song. Birlady a competent Modern portion.

Song.

Hol. As I was gathering April's flowers,
He streight let fall one of his showers,
Which drove me to an Arbour.
'Twere better I my Lap had fill'd,
Although the wet my cloths had spill'd,
Then to ha' found that Harbor
For there a subtil Serpent was,
Close lying lurking in the Grass.

And

The Northern Lass.

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And there while harmless thinking I,
Still watching when the shower would dye,
Lay listning to a Bird,
That singing sate upon the Bower,
Her notes unto the falling shower,
the Snake beneath me stir'd ;
And with his sting gave me a Clap,
That swole my Belly not my Lap.

Wid. By my troth 'tis pretty.

Hol. And by my Conscience 'tis true, 'twere made i' *Durham*, on a Lass of my bigness.

Ann. And in thy clothes I believe.

Hol. But will you be gan now? Than all my joy leaves me.

Wid. Sweet soul, thou shalt have thy joy again. I will joy thee, enjoy thee, and over-joy thee. Governour let us fly about this business. I will not sleep, before I have got a License, stoln her away, wedded her, bedded her, and put her in her Wits again.

Ann. Are you able to do that, think you?

Wid. I'll warrant thee: For all Maids are mad till they be married.

Ann. What say you to that Lady. Pox on you, I run a sweet hazard to advance your Fortune, do I not?

Hol. Remember your Covenant with Master *Tridewell* Captain. And when the work is done, here's my hand, you shall partake of what I get by't. And hark you.

Wid. She may perhaps, when she comes to her self and finds me to be no Sir *Phillip*, be a little startled. But I mean the first night to put so much of my own love into her, as shall work out his I doubt not, or any his that came there before me.

Em. Howdee.

How. O Gentlemen! My Master's coming, all's spoiled if he take you. Part quickly.

Hol. Is mine Uncle com'd? And mun we part than?

An. Kifs, and part; kifs and part.

Wid. Sweet-heart, not a word of me till I come to fetch you off with Honour.

Hol. All benifons with you. Indeed you be the Goodliest man, that ere made Maiden faine.

Wid. Poor heart she dotes. I do not know how much I am in debt to my Conscience, till I have made her amends.—— *Ex.*

Hol. This may breed good blood. If I come but as well off o' my old Uncle, as I am like to come on with my young Cousen, here will be a match unlook'd for; a Match without treaty; a match untalk'd or unheard of. He is coming before I have shifted my face. Methinks I hear the rustling of his bristles hither. Yet my lips must stand the assault; pray love the Porcupine, leave none of his Quills in 'em.

H 2

Act

The Northern Lass.

ACT I V. Scene V.

Enter *Squelch* to *Holdup*.

Squ. Where's my Girle? My hony sweet Girle? Kifs me; Kifs I say directly: I'll secure thee. As I am a Man of Authority, and that of *Middlesex*, I'll secure thee. Ha my Lafs, these Lips have the true *Elixir* in 'em indeed, to restore youth and strength; past all *Medeas* Charms, or what the Poets would have fain'd. How now! Weeps my Love? I hope my Neece's habit has not wrought her disease into thee.

Hol. No: Now I see you sir, I am well: Perfectly well: Yet pardon me sir. Your absence cannot but breed me fears, when I have leasure to think on my unworthy condition, and the danger I undergo in't.

Squ. 'Twas a thousand pitties that this Wench was seduc'd. She might have made a Wife for a good Esquire. She would serve a Tradesman yet, most unblemishably. And when I have done with her, doing that for her, as I mean to do. She may perhaps match with a younger Brother, purchase him a place, advance his Fortune, to be able in the end to repay her with a Ladiship. 'Tis not without a President; and I will help her to follow the Example directly. For what I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it. Ha my Bird, my Chick! Kifs me. Kifs me up. So. Kifs me up I say. So again. Thou hast don't directly. Maintain it now, with a Cordial kifs. So, so, so. Good. Very good; and while it is so, a word with you in private. Come my Bird, mh mh mh.

Ent. Howdee.

How. Sir, there's a Woman below.——

Squ. Sir, what have I to do with any Woman below? Do you with your Woman below, I am very well here.

How. Is the old man mad trow? Sir, she will have to do with you above, if you speak not with her below. I had much ado to keep her down stairs, her case is so lamentable she says. I never saw a Woman so importunate in my Life sir. You must down sir.

Squ. I am down already. All's naught. What limb of the Devil is't? Do'st thou know her?

How. She says she is Wife to a Constable sir, that you lately committed; and if your Wor. do's not release him presently, that he's undone, and she's undone, all their Children are undone, that unborn in her Belly is undone, and I know not how many more are undone for ever.

Squ. Hell take her. How could she know that I was here?

How. She spied you in the Street sir, and followed you, and follow you she would, had you gone into the Privy-Chamber she swears; her cause enforces her she says. And she is so great with Child too, that no man dares give her a thrust to keep her back. I hear her blow up stairs.

Squ.

Squ. Keep her down, I'll follow thee——*Ex. How.*

Hol. Good sir be pittiful for the Womans sake, and release him, perhaps her reckoning is out, and she has no body to call the Midwife.

Squ. I must home to my Clark then: For I cannot write here; nor do any good, besides I am so vex'd. But I will return to thee in the evening Duck: And since I am so apt to be spied, I will come disguis'd.

Hol. Indeed I'll put out the Candle when you are here then, for I shall never endure to see other shape of Man. O these trunk hose are comely wearing.

Squ. I will be disguis'd directly. I will run through all the shapes of *Jupiter*, before I will again be prevented. Farewell. O my sweet! At seven in the evening expect me.——*Exit.*

Hol. Sweet say'st thou? Thou art not I'll swear. I am glad he was prevented. I should never held out a Course with him, that cannot endure a breathing: A Cheese-shop on fire cannot out-stink him.

Enter Howdee.

How. Your Uncle's gone Mistriss, and says he will be here at seven a Clock again. But shall I tell you a fine thing Mistriss?

Hol. Yea marry *Humfrey*, what may that be and 'tis not of Sir *Phillip*.

How. But it is of him Mistriss. He says he will bring a Coach for you at six a Clock to fetch you away: Will you go with him?

Hol. By my faul that will I an't be all the World over.

How. How shall your Uncle find you at seven then?

Hol. We'll leave him at six and sevens. I mean betwixt both. 'Twill be trim trust me. And hear'st thou me *Humfrey*. Thou must bid Mistriss *Trainwell* come to me a little before six; for a very good reason.

How. Hmh——

Hol. Nay, it shall hinder nothing. We'll away the faster.

How. I think she be in her Wits already. If not, I must humour her, though I be put to the trouble to shift her away again. She shall mar no sport that's certain.

Hol. Come with me *Humfrey*, thou shalt go e'ne now, and tell her; and I'll be packing up the while.——*Ex.*

How. This Clinches. I shall win my Ladies heart for ever. To manage two such businesses more, were enough to raise me Agent for a State.

Ex.

The end of the fourth Act.

Act

Act V. Scene I.

Pate in a Doctors habit. *Trainwell, Constance.*

Pate. **T**O Discourse a tedious Lecture unto you, Lady, in speaking Philosophically of the disease of Melancholly, were to shew more learning then Discretion. There are large Volums of it in Print, to very slender purpose.

Tra. Sir, I desire rather your Discretion, then the Gloss of Learning. I am rather govern'd by the wholesome Effects of the one, then the smooth Directions of the other.

Pa. To the point then Lady. I see no reason why I should vex and torment this delicate and tender Body, with Physick. Her disease is Melancholly; The cause of this disease I have found apparently in the two hours probation since you left her with me, to be Love, which she hath so greedily taken in, that it hath overwhelm'd her Spirits, and turn'd the Faculties of all her Senses into a rude Confusion, sending forth the use of them extravagantly.

Tra. Sir, I must not only approve, but applaud your skill. 'Tis Love indeed, and I am right glad that your opinion jumps with my own knowledge: For now I doubt not of your speedy address to the cure.

Pa. 'Tis done in three words. The Party that she loves, must be the Doctor, the Medicine, and the Cure.

Tra. Sir, the Gentleman is below, he came with me, only I would not bring him to her sight without your approbation, fearing it might do hurt.

Pa. Pray call him up, on peril of my Judgment. *Ex. Tray.* Give me your hand Mrs. *Constance.* I have good news for you.

Con. 'Tis a long whayle sine I heard ony.

Pa. The Gentleman, whom you love best, shall be your Bed-fellow.

Con. He is wed already Sir. Another wife would gar him be put down at Gallows: And I would not be she for all the Worldly good that ere I saw with both my eyen. And o' my Conscience I'le be none of his Ligby for 'twice so mickle.

Pa. She prattles very prettily methinks. Married already? Sure *Cupid* shot you with a forked Arrow out of his Cross-bow. But what will you say, Lady, if by my Art I render this Gentleman unmarried again, and a Suiter unto you presently?

Con. Marry shall I tell you what I'le say fir? That deserves hanging worse then t'other matter, would you poyson his Wife by your Art, wo'd

ye? And make your Gown there the Hangmans see the second time? It looks as it had been once his already; and you like such a Doctor I mun tell ye, by your leave. God blefs me fro thees. Mrs. *Trainewell* where are you?

Pa. Out of her wits say they? I fear she is wiser then all of us, that have to do with her. She knows my Gown better then I do: For I have had but two hours acquaintance with it. 'Tis no longer since I hir'd it of the Hangmans Merchant a Broker. It might ha' been *Lopus* Gown for ought I know.

Act V. Scene II.

Enter *Trainewell* and *Lucklefs* to them.

Tray. They are fal'n out I think.

Con. O Mrs. *Trainewell*, for dear Charities sake ha' me soon fro' this Man: For I'll nere take any thing at him. He talks of poysoning.

Pa. By my faith you wrong me: Nor of any poysoning purpose. I was but putting a case of—

Con. Pray put up your Pipes fir. I like not your Musick: Troth nor his Countenance nather. Sweet Mrs. *Trainewell* gar me be shut on him. Now all the joys of Immortality light o' ye fir.

To *Lucklefs*.

Pa. Is that the Gent?

Tra. Yes fir. Pray observe. But how fell you out fir?

Pa. I must first salute him by your favour. Sir, all the Accumulations of Honour shower down upon you.

Luc. Sir. May you reap the whole harvest of your fruitful wishes.

Con. Dear fir, keep further fro' him.

Pa. But one word sweet Lady; and you shall have the whole benefit of his presence to your self.

Tra. Be not afraid Sweet-heart, he dares not hurt Sir *Phillip*.

Con. In troth he breaths too near him.

Tra. I'll warrant you. What has he done to move her thus? I know not what this obscure Doctor is. But M. *Tridewell* put me upon him; and his approved honesty has and must kill all mistrust in me.

Pa. Your Coach is ready at Door you say.

Luc. Yes my most delicate Doctor.

Pa. As you find her then, after a few words away with her. I have perform'd my part fir. I'll hold the discreet Governess in talk in the next Room.

Con. But one word call ye this?

Pa. I ha' done sweet soul. Lady I have instructed the Gent. shall we leave them?

Tra. One word, by your leave first M. Doctor, and I'll attend you.

Sir

Sir not alone my Discretion, but my Reputation lies at stake: And I make no doubt of your nobleness upon your Kinsmans word, my Complotter in this business. Therefore while I hold Argument with the Doctor (who shall by no means perceive our deceit) slip you away with her in your Coach, where M. *Tridewell* hath appointed, till the Evening; and let me alone to scuffle with the old Man the while. And then I doubt not all our troublesome Labours shall have a peaceable end. I'll send old Mad-cap to your Lady in a Thunder-clap. But noble sir, your Reputation——

Luc. My Life and Honour be her Guard, and your security.

Tra. No more sir. I'll lay no Conjurations upon so noble a Spirit. Come Master Doctor——*Soft Musick. Ex. Tra. Pate.*

Luc. But do you love me *Constance*?

Con. O right weell sir.

Luc. And will you be my Woman?

Con. I is sure, I'll never be mine own else.

Luc. But you will not go away with me now, if I request you?

Con. Any whither but to Bed before we be married.

Luc. What from your Governess, your Uncle, and all the World?

Con. And thank you too sir. And ta' me but fro' this ill looking Doctor; for I shall be weell with you sir.

Luc. Come, since you trust me so well, we two will not part till we are lawfully made one.

Con. Heaven bless the hour you speak in, and all Saints be Witnesses.
Ex.

Act V. Scene III.

Enter *Squelch*, meeting *Trainewell*, and *Pate*.

Musick continues.

Squ. Where's this Doctor? Where's this melancholly Gentlewoman?

Tra. O me is he come?

Pa. Is this her Uncle?

Tra. Even he sir. Where's my Charge; Mistriss *Constance*?

Pa. Save ye sir. I'll go find her——*Ex.*

Squ. Where's my charge? I'll go find her! What's the meaning?

Tra. She was here but now sir, while the Musick play'd. And we withdrew our selves, thinking she might sleep sir.

Squ. There went a Coach away as I came in. Whose was it?

Tra. A Coach sir? Alas I am affraid; my flesh trembles.

Squ. At what in your great Master the Devils name? Where's my Neece?

Tra. Sir here came in one Master *Widgine*, the Lady *Luckleys* brother——

Squ. Well.

Tra.

Tra. As acquainted with the Doctor sir——

Squ. Well, well.

Tra. And he saw her sir, but seem'd to depart, when we withdrew our selves to talk about the cure.

Squ. Very, very well. While you were wisely talking about the cure, a *Widgine* flies away with the Patient. Where's this Doctor? Doctor I say, Doctor! He's my run-away too, my Life on't. A meer plot, a Conspiracy; 'tis so directly, below there, I cannot see how it can be otherwise. *Ent. Clark.* Saw you the Doctor? Yes sir, he went now forth at the Water-Gate, and took boat in haste.

Squ. Exceeding well! How came your Discretion acquainted with this Doctor?

Tra. Sir he was reported to me by very good Judgments, to be a rare Practitioner.

Squ. A most rare fellow, and do's admirable Tricks, by flight of heels. But I may perhaps out-run 'em——*Ex.*

Tra. My purge works as I wish't. I am amus'd though at the flight of the Doctor. But I have too many businesses to intertain new thoughts.

Ex.

Act V. Scene V.

Enter *Tridewell*, *Fitchow*.

Fit. May I believe it, Good sir? May I be so happy, that my Brother has her?

Tri. As I have truth in me, I am most credibly told so. Marry the worst is, her Uncle is so mad at their escape, that he will never give Consent to the Match, whereby her portion will be less.

Fit. Hang him Clod. My Will shall be a portion sufficient to my Brother, I care not, though he give her not a penny, so *What* has the Wench.

Tri. Make you no more doubt of that, then I do Madam, who have upon the report of it already, prepar'd the Learned of the Civil Law, those that you nominated of your good acquaintance, and are forward to do you the best Office, who have appointed to meet before the Judge of the Arch-Deacons Court presently, whither I have promised to bring, and will attend you.

Fit. But the other side must be summon'd by Process.

Tri. Sir *Phillip* has warning already, Madam; and without needless Process will be there before you, and wait your coming. So that my self and his servant, who have never been both absent from one of your Companies, since your Marriage, justly deposing you never did the reallest Rite of Marriage, the Bed-office, Madam; you both Consenting, and desiring a Divorce, it is instantly granted, without any proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three whispers. Odds pity, look who here is.

I

Act

Act V. Scene V.

Enter Squelch to Fitchew.

Squ. O are you here my Lady Luckless?*Fir.* 'Twas time you found me fir; you might ha' mistaken my name elsew^e. For within this hour, I might have resum'd the ancient Title of your Friend, and ~~Lady's~~ Fitchew.*Squ.* Show wow, where is my Neece?*Fir.* Where are your Wits fir? You come upon me indeed! What Neece? What's the matter?*Squ.* My Neece *Constance*; that your Brother *Widgein* stole from the Doctor, and is flown away withal. But he must not think to scape so? I may take him, and his Duck too in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as sure as your Ladiship, or your *Fitchew*-ship, and they think your selves.*Fir.* Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happ'ned?*Squ.* The Plot smells of your Ladiships Finger; your Ladiships Lilly white Fist is foul in the business. But I will have a bout at Fisticuffs in Law with your Ladiship: Your great Acquaintance, and Alliance in the Whatshical Court *Non-obstane*. Your power there must not carry it, my great Lady. Directly it must not.*Fir.* You are an uncivil greasie Companion, to upbraid and revile me thus in my own House.*Tr.* O good Madam, hurt not your self with anger, better laugh it out.*Fir.* He makes me forget my self by his example. Sir you are a Commissioner for the Peace I take it. Do's it become a Man of your Place and Gravity, to fly out in these extreams? You spend too much breath in these lowd notes, very hurtful to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and speak peaceably, I will answer you.*Squ.* I pray you, Forsooth, or sweet Madam, or what you please; Where is my Neece?*Fir.* Will you believe me fir? You may: For 'tis Truth, as I have any; and before this worthy Gentleman; I never saw your Neece in my Life; only I have heard she is a pretty Gentlewoman: Likely to make a good Match, for which I told my Brother of her, and would have treated with you for her, could I have spoken with you as I wish'd by two or three Messages. But whether my Brother has got her, or where he or she is, of my own knowledge I cannot say directly.*Squ.* She mocks me to my Face all this while. Well good Wife, Mistriss, Madam——*Fir.* Well my Lord Inn-keepers second Son: Do's your Provender prick you?*Squ.*

Squ. Prick Madam! I tell thee thou'st Thing, made up of Chippings, broken Bear, Candle-ends, and sitting of Sea-cole.

Fit. Out you Curry-comb.

Tri. Forbear sweet Lady, let him be mad by himself.

Squ. I will be reveng'd.

Fit. How pray?

Squ. He had been better to have kill'd a Man, ravish'd a Virgin; nay, done the most dangerous Contempt that Law could devise to punish, then if I take him to suffer under my revenge.

Fit. Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. I'll muster up my Constables, and send out a privy search immediately. — *Ex.*

Tri. What think you of your Brothers success, now Madam?

Fit. Much the better, that it vexes him so: Scurvy foul mouth'd Fellow.

Tri. Look you now Madam. See who here comes.

ACT V.

Scene V

Enter Widgins, Holdup, Howdec.

Wid. Sister fall down, and adore me for my great Achievement. *Humfrey* kneel down to her that she may dub thee for thy Service. Never did the best nos'd Dogs, that ever were Coach'd for their goodness, hunt more truly, take more bravely, and carry away more cleanly, than we have done this dainty piece of flesh here. — Sister kiss her, and be better acquainted: She is mine own flesh, I'll uphold it.

Tri. She is a *Holdup* her self, if I mistake not her name.

Fit. Being your flesh Brother, her nearest Affinity of Blood runs in my Veins. Therefore with a Sisters love embrace you, and bid you welcome.

Hold. Mine Uncle will be right Wood I fear me. But I'll near-greet for that sir, while I have your love.

Fit. I know it is she by her Tongue, though I never heard her before. Nor ever fear sweet Sister, we shall be all Friends shortly.

Hold. I would be glad and were so.

Wid. Sister come hither. Now hear and admire my Wit, as well as my Fortune. *Humfrey* come and take thy share of my Sisters wonder.

How. I hope I perform'd my duty.

Wid. Which we must not see unrewarded Sister.

Fit. No: I mean to give him my Maid, and a hundred Marks with her, besides all she has about her.

How. I am made for ever. I thank your languishing Ladiship.

Fit. Well said *Howdec*: For my Ladiship is e'ne at the last Gaspe. I am to be Devore'd within this half hour. But your proceedings Bro-

ther? How did she receive you at first?

Wid. O at first, she was the pretteliest mad that ere you saw. You your self cannot devise to be so mad, as she was.

Fit. I thank you sir.

Wid. And all for Sir *Phillip*, she would love none but Sir *Phillip*, speak to none but Sir *Phillip*. I told her I was Sir *Phillip*, (ah God-a-mercy *Humfrey*; that was thy invention!) Then the little *Viper* hung upon me, not to be shak'd off, till I promis'd her Marriage, and to Father, a Child, which, in her Distraction, she conceited she had by me. I promis'd her any thing; so took her into an Inner-Room, to make all sure, as well within as without; and I so Phillipt her——

Fit. Enough Brother, no more. I understand you.

Wid. But I must have more, and shall never have enough on't. It passeth your understanding and mine too, the delight of it [*Sing*] *Oh what a delight she gave me.* And how light I am after it. *Heigh.* My pretty sweet Rascal.

Fit. Enough I say.

Wid. You do not love to hear on't, because you lack it. But you shall hear the Miracle it wrought. *Sister.* The loss of her Maiden-head recovered her Wits. I made her right and streight in an instant. And now she loves me in my own Person; knows me for a *Widgine*, and will not give her *Wat* for the best Sir *Phillip* of them all. And longs for nothing but the Priest and Bed-time. Ha my sweeter and sweeter! My Governour's gone for a Licence.

Fit. So, ha' you done now?

Wid. I'll undertake.

Fit. Yet again.

Wid. That *Humfrey*, and I with the Tricks and Trinkets, we have about us will cure all the mad Maids of her standing in the Town. And do not think, much may be gotten to profess it.

Tri. You have made a large relation, Master *Widge*, and a pleasant doubt not.

Wid. Oh I could live and dye in this Discourse fir.

Tri. Lady do you think of the time?

Fit. I will instantly along with you. *How* do come you with me, Brother, the search has past this House already. You may go in with your Sweet-heart, and stay here safely. Go in, and keep close, till I send to meet me at Supper.

Wid. In and in Sister, and be close enough, fear not—*Ex.*

Fit. Now fir when you please.

Tri. I am your Servant Lady. — *En.*

...I am made for ever. I thank your forgiving ladyship.
 ...Well said Abner: For my Lady is as one of the last Corps
 ...to be Devoted within this half hour. But your

Act V. Scene VIII.

Enter *Trainwell* and *Vexhem*.

Vex. Mistriss, I will go no further in this business, then you have limited me in your directions: 'Twill be revenge enough for my disgrace to make him see his Error.

Tra. Therefore be discreet and secret. The disguise he is in I have told you. The place is this. At the Door you shall leave me. The hour seven a Clock.

Vex. Mistriss, I will not watch more truly at Midnight, then I will pray for you for this Discovery. I will instantly call my Privy-search, Guard, and catch a Bird of Justice in the Lime-twigs of his own War-rant. —————

Exeunt.

Act V. Scene IX.

Enter *Nonfense* and *Beavis*.

Non. I'tit not speak with Sir *Paul* then, it seems, to know the reason why I am fubdoodled thus. In I protest and vow a kind of Fools Paradise.

Bea. Good fir bear your injury with a Mans patience. Sir *Paul* will not be long absent. And till he comes, my Mistriss entreats you (for your own good) to take his part upon you, in giving Entertainment to divers of his Friends, who are invited hither to a Feast to night.

Non. Ha' you any Whit-pots?

Bea. Much better meat fir. But here's the strangeness of it; and the only occasion that requires your aid in the Entertainment. This great Supper or Feast (as I may properly call it) was appointed by Sir *Paul* himself, the money to buy the Provision deliver'd by his own hand, to his own Servants the Guests of his own Election; yet he, out of the multiplicity of cross Affairs, that have happ'ned this day, hath quite forgot that there was any such preparation, or any such meeting intended, as appears evidently by his absence. But my Mistriss has got all the meat privately made ready at the next Houle, on purpose that he should see nothing —————

Non. To try if he would forget it or no?

Bea. Right fir. I have bidden all the Guests: And expect them immediately.

Non. But what must I say to 'em?

Bea. Only salute 'em, bid 'em Welcome; tell 'em Sir *Paul* was hastily call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs; entreat their Patience till his return, which you know will be very sudden, although you know not where

where he is; and so forth, as occasion serves. Ent. *Bulfinch* and *Clark*.

Bul. Your Master abroad and not within say you?

Clea. Yes, but good sir stay his coming, I pray you, for his good.

Bul. I partly apprehend you at full. *Mistress Trainwell* appointed me to come too with all possible speed. *M. Nonsense* you are well apprehended.

Non. Only salute 'em, bid 'em Welcome. Tell 'em *Sir Paul* was hastily call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs. Entreat their Patience till his return, which you know will be very sudden, although you know not where he is. And so forth as occasion serves.

Bul. Love has made you a Courtier. *M. Nonsense.*

Non. No I protest and vow. I do but speak as they say.

Bea. What have you said Sir?

Non. What you said, I have an ill verbatim else.

Bea. I said but the meaning of what you should say, and put it in your own words.

Non. No sir. I will take your own words for this matter.

Bea. I am beholden to you.

Clea. I am glad Fortune has sent one man of Civil Government before the Roarers come. Here comes some of 'em already. I'll down and look to the rest of the house.

Enter *Luckleys*, *Constance*, disguis'd and Masqu'd.

Luc. Save you sir. Are you the Worshipful of the house?

Bul. I apprehend you sir.

Luc. How sir? *(Draw.)*

Bul. Mistake me not I beseech you. I apprehend you to be some great stranger here: Because you know the place better than the Master of it.

Luc. You do not mock me sir?

Bea. Sir. This is one of the Guests?

Non. Only salute 'em. Bid 'em Welcome.

Luc. What's this?

Non. Tell 'em *Sir Paul* was hastily call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs.

Luc. Is this a Parrat or a Poppingay?

Non. Entreat their Patience till his return, which you know.

Luc. Do you know what you say sir?

Non. Will be very sudden, although you know not where he is.

Luc. If I did, I would not seek him here sir.

Non. And so forth as occasion serves.

Luc. This is some enchanted Place, and the People are charm'd. I have mistaken the house sure.

Enter

Enter *Tridewell* and *Firehow* disguis'd and Masqu'd.

Tri. Where's this hospitable Knight that invites Strangers. I mean meer Strangers, that he knows not. Shew me the Lad of bounty, I hunger not for his Supper as I do to salute him.

Luc. He will prove the greatest Stranger here himself I think, for he is not at home sir. I am a Guest as you are, and would be as glad to see him.

Tri. He do's not mean to jeer us, do's he?

Ben. I beseech you mistake not so his purpose sir: Which is fair Welcome, and good Cheer to you all. Therefore Gentlemen and Ladies, will it please you to entertain one another a while. [Enter *Clark* with Sack and good Tobacco.] Look ye. Here's good Sack, and good Tobacco. And before the rest of the Guests be come, Sir *Paul* will be here himself.

Luc. This fellow speaks.

Enter *Anvile*, *Widgeine*, *Holdup*, and *Howdee* disguis'd.

Bul. As I am a Justice of Peace I cannot apprehend, and yet methinks I do. What sort of People these Gentlemen may be. See: More! Is Sir *Paul* turn'd Swaggerer? Or is his house abus'd by Servants? I will not leave it, until they go out before me like a *Jayle delivery*. They look like men betwixt a Reprieve and Pardon. Friend: Are these Sir *Pauls* elected Friends?

Ben. His protected Friends sir.

Bul. Protected?

Ben. I sir. There is a fraternity of them. The Brothers of the Protect. There's not a man of 'em, but has all *Mayors*, *Sheriffs*, *Bayliffs*, *Sergeants at Mace*, *Marshals men*, *Constables*, and other his *Majesties Officers*, in a Comb-case in his Pocket. They are a Generation that never eat but in Parliament time, and now every Table is full of them.

Bul. I should wonder what they did here else. See. A roaring Doctor too broke out of the *Kings-Bench*.

Enter *Pate* like a Doctor.

Pa. By your leave Gallants. I perceive your Company is not yet full.

Tri. Are you of the invited sir?

Pa. It is not to be doubted sir. Yet a Voluntary. But there are some without that are more then invited, yet come against their Wills.

Luc. How mean you M. Doctor?

Pa. Brought sir by a Constable and Officers, to be examin'd. Where's the jolly Justice?

Tri. What are they, can ye tell sir?

Pa. A Gentlewoman, and a Spaniard.

An. A Spaniard, Ha!

Pa.

Pa. I, a Spaniard, Ha: If you will have it so.

Luc. If we had but a Justice among us to Examine 'em, it might pass the time well till Sir *Paul* came.

Bea. Sir, here is a Justice, and for the same purpose too for ought we know, that shall not refuse to do it, and in Sir *Paul's* Gown and Cap too.

Luc. This is a witty Fellow.

Bea. Sir, you cannot do a more acceptable Office for your Friend, then to execute his place in his absence. Your Authority makes you capable of it; and I do the rather persuade it, because the Gentlemen whom you wisely suspect for loose Persons, may see some example of Justice; which may prevent some present evil in their stay here.

Bul. I apprehend you Friend. Give me the Gown and Chair, and let the Delinquents approach. *Umh, umh.*

Luc. 'Tis a Spaniard indeed.

Enter *Vexhem, Squelch*, like a Spaniard, *Train. Cleark.*

Vex. An English Spaniard sir. And therefore the verier Knave: As will be prov'd I doubt not, to his shame, and my renown in the Commonwealth. By your Worships leave.

Bul. What news bring you M. Constable?

Vex. Spanish news sir. Will't please your Worship to examine the Vertue of my Warrant, and then these Persons accordingly?

Squ. Very good! I am brought before my self to be examin'd, and before a Rabble too! How the Devil broke this unknown Nation into my house, or do not I mistake it? My foolery has led me into a fine Predicament. I will not yet disclose my self: But look a little further towards the event.

Bul. Are you a Spaniard sir?

Squ. Such a one as you see *Signior*.

Bul. See *Signior*. He speaks nothing but Spanish. The question will be how we shall understand this Examinant.

Squ. Hey day!

Bul. I do see *Signior* I thank the light, that you are a goodly man of outward parts, and except it were the black Knight himself, or him with the Fistula, the properst man I have seen of your Nation. They are a People of very spare dyet, I have heard, and therefore seldom fat. Sure you have had most of your breeding in this Countrey, the dyet whereof you like better then your own, which makes you linger here, after all your Countrey men, upon some uncouth plot. And I shall wonder therefore how you can speak no English. Can you speak no English at all sir? Answer me I pray.

Squ. Not an English word not I sir. Alas I have not been five days in the Kingdom.

Luc. This is excellent!

Tri.

Tri. I, peace. You'l mar all if you laugh.

Bul. Alafs, what shall we do then? Gentlemen, have any of you any Spanish, to help me to understand this strange Stranger?

Tri. Not a Rial sir not I.

Luc. Nor a Rials worth amongst us of any Language but sheer English.

Bul. What Shiere of our Nation is next to Spain? Perhaps he may understand that Shiere English.

Tri. Devonshire, or Cornwall sir.

Non. Never credit me, but I will spowt some Cornish at him. *Peden bras vidne whee bis cregas.*

Squ. Am I transform'd utterly? Is my Language alter'd with my Apparel, or are you all mad? What unspeakable misery is this?

Bul. I see we shall never understand, nor do good on him, till he be instructed in the English Tongue.

Vex. And please your Worship, the best University for this purpose will be *Bridewell*. I am acquainted with the best Tutors there, Master *Cleanwhip*, Master *Drylash*, and divers others in that University.

Squ. You officious Rascal, are you mad?

Vex. No such matter sir. But in my right mind, and *Middlesex* fear it not.

Bul. It must be so. His instruction will cost little there, if he be not too old to learn. Therefore set him by, and let me fall upon the Gentlewoman.

Vex. Oh, he's rarely vext.

Bul. Now Gentlewoman, will it please you to be unmasqu'd?

Tra. Yes sir look you, I dare shew my face.

Bul. Mistriss *Trainewell*, as I apprehend.

Omnes. Mistriss *Trainewell*.

Squ. *Trainewell*.

Tra. Even she Gentlemen, as I will more Circumstantially reveal unto you presently, after a word or two with my fellow Prisoner, for which I crave your Favour.

Bul. With all my heart, so you can speak Spanish and make him understand you.

Tra. You see I am not the Woman you took me for: But one ordain'd for your greater good. If you will give me my present demand; I will turn all your disgrace into Laughter; make you of worthier esteem now at the instant, than ever you were, by the general Approbation of these, and all that know you beside. Your Neece too shall be restor'd to your own liking, and all shall be as well as you can wish. Otherwise, if you have a mind to be everlastingly sham'd, by being perpetually laugh'd at, take your own Course, I'll take mine.

Squ. I am astonish'd. What is your Demand?

Tra. Whereas your purpose was to make a Whore. Make me your

honest Wife; no more. Be sudden in your resolve, all will be naught else.

Squ. I am in a mischievous streight then. *Redime te captum.* Thy Wit deserves my love. I'll do't; here's my hand and faith I'll do't. Thou art mine, and I am thine directly.

Tra. Then hark you sir.

Tri. Sir what will you say, if this Gentlewoman convert the Spaniard, turn him true English Subject, and present him to you with the Oaths of *Alegiance*, and *Supremacy* in his mouth presently.

Bul. I will say, she deserves for ever hereafter to hold her Peace.

Tra. Now bear up sir. Look confidently, and say, you put on your Disguise purposely to intertain disguis'd Guests. Come avant with your Picca-de-Coat, and begin with the Justice here.

Squ. Thou hast made me a Man for ever, and I will make thee a Woman directly. Gallants save you. See here the *Metamorphosis*, that means to Metamorphose you all. Alas I know you for all your Disguises, and thought to intertain you in your kind.

Omnes. Sir Paul Squelch!

Squ. First out of you, my Usurper, and most Upstartical Justice, whose Office is your Trade, and *Cleark* your Prentice, I will draw a man of little, or no Moment: Yet my Friend, and Master *Bulfinch*, out of the Chair of Justice. This may prognosticate the putting of my self, or many others out of Commission within these few years; though I am no Prophet. Do I speak English now? Do I know you now, or you me?

Bul. Questionless, we should know one another Sir Paul: Or else one of us two were both very ignorant.

Squ. To proceed in my *Metamorphosis*. I will change you most confus'd Roarer, into an accomplisht Knight. And bid you Welcome, noble Sir *Phillip Luckless*.

Lnc. I like the change well, and thank you sir.

Squ. Next sir of you Roarer, or lieter, or whatsoever you are, I will make a compleat Gentleman, most answerable to your name Master *Tridewell*. *Tri.* Very well sir.

Squ. But out of you Master Doctor, I will pick a certain Knave. Where is my Neece sirrah?

Pa. Which of your Nieces sir?

Squ. Have I so many sir? I mean my only one *Constance*, find her me, or I will translate out of an *Æsculapian* Cock into a *Newgate* Bird immediately.

Wid. Sir if you will Metamorphose me out of a Batchelor, into a Bridegroom, I'll shew you your Neece.

Squ. This my Neece?

Vex. O have I have found you Mistriss? Sir this is the Gentlewoman I brought before your Worship to day.

Squ. Hold thy Peace; art in thy right mind?

Vex.

Vex. As I am in my right mind and *Middlesex*, it is she sir. I had not matter enough then to lay to her Charge; for which I thank your Worship I kist *Newgate*. But now I have sir; she has left a Child upon our Parish, I am sure got by an unknown Father; and has been a loose Liver, both at *Duke Humfreys*, and most of the winked at Houses about the Town these four years: Which I can sufficiently prove.

Squ. Hold thy peace Knave. I'll put these Plums in thy mouth else
Gold.

Hold. Sir, my Child shall trouble your Parish no longer, here is a Father, my troth plight Husband, sufficient to keep it and me, wilt thou not Duck?

Wid. Duck? My name is *Widgine*, you mistake the man sure.

Hold. Sure I do not. This Gentleman, and this Gentlewoman, and this trusty Servant of ours are my Witnesses, I am your Wife sir.

Wid. O I am undone, quite cast away. Sister help me now with your Law Wit, or I perish for ever.

Fit. This is not to be endured: Cheating, and vile abuse. This Contract can not be Lawful. One person mistaken for another a Lawful impediment to be divorc'd for, though they were married.

Tri. It might do well if (as he Confesses himself) he had not made all too sure, as well within as without.

Squ. Sir *Phillip*, while they wrangle out their cause, let us agree: Find you but the means to Make her Lawfully your Wife, and here take her with my faithful promise, of the equal half of my Estate presently.

Luc. Sir *Paul* I thank you.

Fit. I say this is no lawful Contract: And though we are legally divorc'd, yet neither he nor I, may lawfully marry, while we both live, having been lawfully married. And till you can disprove that, sir I'll forbid your Banes good Sir *Phillip*, and lay your hopes a cooling, Friendly Master *Tridewell*, for your love in managing this business.

Tri. Lady give me leave, if I have strain'd a point of Friendship, it was your love gave the strength to my Wit. *Fit.* My love? *Tri.* Your love indeed Lady. Which (and which *Cupid* pardon me for) now, that I see I may enjoy, I am not so eagerly taken with, yet if you Will—

Fit. Sir you cannot enjoy me, nor he her, unless you can disprove the Lawfulness of our former Marriage.

Tri. To clear that point, do you know the Minister?

Fit. 'Tis not so long since, but I can remember his Face.

Tri. Then to continue Sir *Pauls* *Metamorphosis*, I'll draw him out of this Doctor. Is not this he? *Discovers Pate like a Parson.*

Fit. It is. But is not he a lawful Minister; I would know that.

Pa. To clear that doubt there lyes my *Order of Priest-hood*.

Ommes. Who, *Oliver*! *Throws off his Disguise.*

Pa. Even he, the *Parson Nochurch*, and this my Patron, whom I must beseech together with the whole Company, to preserve me out of the

The Northern Lasse.

High Commission: For look you, here is again your Licence. *Fir.* Would you do this Master *Tridewell*?

Tri. Faith I foresaw an untowardness in the Match: Which if you repent the breach of, there's your Licence; and the way to Church lyes before you. *Fir.* No sir. First get my Brother free of his Contract, and then a Licence with your own name, and I'll wait on you to Church, as soon as you will.

Tri. O that's done already. What are you agreed? *Wid.* Most happily sir, Sister all's well again. I have given her a hundred pound to relinquish her right in me. Which before all these Witnesses you do; do you not? *Hot.* Yes most freely. *Wid.* Well then, I will not for-swear to marry, But if ever I steal a Wife again, let her be a Witch, and may I burn with her for Company. Governour, thou art out of Countenance, and thou too honest *Humfrey*, methinks. Come bear up. I forgive. 'Twas your Errors, not malice.

How. Sir for my part, I'll take my Corporal Oath——

Wid. It shall not need good *Humfrey*.

An. And for me sir—— *Wid.* Nay, I dare not but believe thee before thou speakest Governour: Therefore prithee let's not talk on't our selves, but quietly, and presently begin our Travels, that we may hear no body else talk on't. *Squ.* Gentlemen and Ladies, I see you all at Peace so well, that I wish no further content to any, except Master *Nonsense* here. *Non.* Never credit me, but I have had sport enough o' Conscience, and if I do not make a Stage play on't, when I come into *Cornwall*: I protest and vow then say there was *Nonsense* in this. *Squ.* I am glad you conclude so Friendly with the rest. All the unquietness will be in the Kitchen presently. If your meat stay for your Gallants. *Knock within.* 'Twas time to speak. They knock at Dresser already. Will ye in?

*You are all Welcome: And I wish every Guest
As merry, as our Northern Lasses Feast.*

Printed for *D. Newman* at the *Kings-Arms* in the *Poultry*.

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